Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE DEFAULT OF DEMOCRACY

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

DURING the period of government by phraseology to which the American people have been subjected under the present political administration, the realities of experience have been habitually veiled, and sometimes actually distorted, by the illusions of language.

Our entrance into the Great War, which was necessitated as a constitutional duty of "common defense,"— one of the great purposes for which the "more perfect Union" was formed,—was represented by President Wilson as having for its object "to make the world safe for democracy."

The utter falsity of this declaration, so far as the real reason for America's participation in the war is concerned, requires no demonstration. It is one of those fantastic conceptions which Mr. Wilson's imagination is ever picturing on the clouds that hover near the horizon. But the expression, which was designed to divert the thoughts of men from the neglect of plain duty in not promptly defending the violated rights of the nation, and to give the war once entered upon the character of a crusade for popular government, challenges our consideration from another point of view. It suggests the inquiry, How far has democracy itself, taking the word in any sense that can be intelligently defended, been compromised and even repudiated by those who professed to be its guardians?

The best government, Aristotle long ago declared, is that in which as much as possible is left to the laws, and as little as possible to the will of one man. Imperfect as they may

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be, the laws at least express the results of experience, reasoning, and agreement by general assent. What the will of one man may be, even he may not always know.

Instinctively, therefore, thinking men have always feared personal autocracy in government. Over against it, there has been an equal fear of what might happen if decisions were left to the passions and interests of uninstructed masses influenced by selfish and ambitious leaders. At every stage of governmental development, therefore, the interests of society have required on the one hand resistance to the absolute rule of one person, and on the other to the unrestrained impulses of powerful groups of self-seeking men. When these two perils have been combined in an autocracy supported by class interests under the guise of a democracy, as they were in the tyrannies developed in the mediaeval city-states of Italy, government was at its worst estate, and human liberty had sunk to its lowest depth. As compared with these pseudo-democracies, the great national monarchies were esteemed asylums of freedom, and royal absolutism was welcomed as a relief from the tyranny of a democracy nourished by public largesses from the hand of its master.

Judged in the light of its history, democracy never produced a permanent, stable, and responsible government until its inherent possibilities were vindicated by its constitutional development in the American colonies after the War for Independence. Without the expedients that were then for the first time adopted to solve the problem of responsible government by the people, it would have proved a failure in America as it had elsewhere. The period between the conclusion of peace with Great Britain in 1783 and the adoption of the Constitution in 1789, was one of doubt and uncertainty, in which the whole theory of self-government, even under the most favorable circumstances, was held to be in doubt.

There are definite points of difference between the earlier forms of democracy and that which came into being in the United States with the adoption of the State and Federal Constitutions. American democracy rests upon three fundamental postulates, which may be regarded as the standards of judgment by which the distinction between true and false democracy is to be determined: (1) that all rightful governmental authority is derived from the people by definite delegation to certain specified officers of government; (2) that

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government is rightly ordained and controlled by representatives of the whole people, and not by a particular group; and (3) that the inherent rights and liberties of every citizen are under the guaranteed judicial protection of just and equal laws.

It was upon these three postulates that a form of government was, for the first time, constituted in the United States, which has furnished the example and the model for what is known as Constitutional Government throughout the world. Wherever the three postulates named have been actually accepted in practice, a sound, stable, and responsible government has been brought into being; and wherever any one of them has been disregarded, there has resulted instability, irresponsibility, and either chronic revolution or reversion to some form of autocratic rule.

There is, as every student of political history knows, another quite different conception of government which delights to call itself democratic. Its assumption is that the will of the people is absolute and unlimited. Whoever by promises or any form of influence can make himself the recognized organ of that will, under this theory, possesses all the powers of government. It is not desired by those who hold to this conception of absolute democracy that there should be any restrictions upon the use of power by the organs of government, or that public powers should be specifically delegated. What is desired is the ability to obtain from the Government, by the direct action of the people upon it, the concessions that they may demand; for the object of government, it is held, is not the protection of rights, but the granting of privileges. Government should exist in order to give the people what they want, not to secure what they have. The individual citizen, it is further alleged, really possesses no inherent and inalienable rights, which the Government is bound to protect or even to respect. What he may possess, how he shall administer his possessions, and how he shall dispose of them, are questions to be decided not by himself, but by those who are chosen by the public to decide them. These and all similar matters are subjects for decision by Government itself,—that is, by public officials. These may lay the burdens of public expenditure and grant the immunities of exemption as in their judgment they may think expedient. If these persons, clothed with the authority of the State, perceive an advan-

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tage in taking over in the name of the public a private business, built up by the management and sacrifices of an individual or group of individuals, they may without restraint dispossess those who have created it.

It is hardly necessary to point out that this doctrine is reactionary in the extreme. It carries us back to the most primitive time, when the conception of individual rights had not been formed; for the conception of public rights is only a deduction from primary individual personal rights. It is from the nature and attributes of personality alone that the idea of right has its origin. If there were no persons there would be no rights.

It must, nevertheless, be admitted that this type of a democracy based on numbers, and not on the qualities of the units that compose them, has had an enormous growth in recent years, even in our own country. It is the central dogma of all the various schemes for Socialistic or Communistic Government, which find their ground of appeal not in the rights, liberties, happiness, and development of the individual person, but in the abstract conception of a society made up of absolutely co-equal units.

Such a society as this has, of course, nowhere ever existed. Equal productivity, equal industry, equal frugality, equal foresight, equal enterprise, and as a consequence an equal claim to their results, cannot be predicated of the members of any human community. Absolute democracy has always vainly hoped, by direct action upon an all-powerful personal government, so to transform the social order as to produce an equality which does not naturally exist.

The fundamental fallacy of this type of democracy is the belief that the human will can change the laws of human nature, that division can take the place of production, and that the forces which have produced our national prosperity will continue to operate when the incentives to enterprise and thrift that have produced it are withdrawn by public action.

Such misapprehensions are not, however, the real source of danger to society. They are vagaries of the mind that may be corrected by the application of common sense. The real peril is in the brutal immorality that underlies this conception of democracy; for the assumption that there are no private rights that may not be abolished, and that there is no form of power that may not be acquired and exercised

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by the State, involves the destruction of the entire conception of right, and bases Government on the strength of aggressive interests in gaining control of the organs of political power. It cannot be doubted that, if this theory of government is carried to its logical consequences, it will result, as it always has resulted, in deadly civil strife.

It is natural that those who adhere to this conception of democracy should regard the Constitution of the United States, with its guarantees of individual rights and liberties, as an obstruction to their designs. It is, in their minds, the great legal barrier to the forms of socialization which this reactionary type of democracy aims to introduce.

In opposition to the system of specifically delegated and divided powers embodied in the Constitution, there has been in recent years a reversion to a form of legally unregulated democracy that would set up and sustain the supremacy of personal official authority in place of a clearly charted form of government.

I believe I speak without exaggeration when I say, that, more than any other public official of his time, President Wilson has been the exponent of this conception of democratic trusteeship. Both in theory and in practice he has advocated personal government, and to render it practicable he has represented our constitutional system as antiquated if not obsolete.

As regards theory, he has long considered Congress an ineffective body, which can be rendered really useful only when it is manipulated by the Executive; and, therefore, to be influenced not only by the President's personal wishes, but even by his personal presence, thus securing a preliminary acquiescence in his proposals by the plaudits of a partisan following that seem to give to them the stamp of approbation without the customary procedure of deliberate and free debate.

Although the general public has only recently been made aware of the small esteem in which Mr. Wilson holds the Senate of the United States, he has never suppressed his disbelief in the utility of its influence upon the foreign policy of the country. Even in his first electoral campaign he openly repudiated the system of "checks and balances," as mere cumbrous and antiquated machinery that was outworn and deserving of discontinuance; and in his book, *The New Freedom,* he said of the founder of the political party of

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which he became the head: "Jefferson wrote of the 'laws of Nature,'—and then by way of afterthought 'and of Nature's God.' And they conducted a government as they would have constructed an orrery—to display the laws of nature."

Little notice was taken at the time of Mr. Wilson's attempt to caricature the political philosophy of Thomas Jefferson. His conduct in the Presidency has, however, enabled his followers to understand how far, even at that time, his thought was from the traditional principles of American democracy.

Jefferson had the wisdom to comprehend the fact that there is in human nature something more commanding and enduring than the passing volitions of men, and that there are "laws of Nature" more authoritative than the enactments of legislative bodies, and he intended to make his conception of government conform to these laws. Above all, there was, in his eyes, something sacred and inviolable in human personality, which in his esteem possessed inherent rights that the will of man cannot justly take away. In these rights he found the basis of his political conceptions. To him the Constitution was the essential guardian of these rights. He believed its principles were as enduring as human nature.

Mr. Wilson does not think so. To him everything is plastic and susceptible of change by the mere will of a ruler. Accordingly, in 1912, he announced his rejection of the Jeffersonian philosophy, in which the majority of his own party even then professed to believe, as many no doubt do still believe, and proclaimed his abandonment of Newton with his "law of gravitation" for the more acceptable conception of a government founded on the Darwinian theory of "organic life."

"We are," he wrote at that time, "in a temper to reconstruct economic society, as we were once in a temper to reconstruct political society, and political society may itself undergo a radical modification in the process. I doubt," he concludes, "if any age was ever more conscious of its task or more unanimously desirous of radical and extended changes in its economic and political practice."

No instructed person can now well doubt that from the very beginning of his public career, Mr. Wilson was actuated by a desire to substitute for traditional American democracy the personal supremacy of the executive over the legislative

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branch of the Government. Three influences have powerfully aided in promoting that supremacy.

As Mr. Wilson himself has said, there was in 1912 "a temper to reconstruct economic society." The nation had been prosperous under the American system of government, and that prosperity had come to be regarded as a natural condition. The extent of its dependence upon the constitutional guarantees which had rendered it possible had been to a great extent forgotten. Public instruction in the fundamentals of sound government had been long neglected. Socialistic theories had been imported into our cities and even into our universities, and were disseminated by an active propaganda. Aspirants for public office were making promises of the unexampled benefits that would accrue from their personal leadership. Democracy, in its traditional American sense, was already weakening. A new and promising career was opening for those who could most flatter the people. In truth, as was at that time pointed out in this REVIEW, a "Crisis in Constitutionalism" was impending. Mr. Wilson by a divided vote came into power on the tide of a promised "new freedom," and the "crisis" became a reality.

There would have been a safeguard of Constitutionalism in the Congress, had that body been really independent. Unhappily it was affected by the same decay of the old-time Americanism. The greatest single misfortune to the further development of a free and virile democracy was the loss in what is known as "the solid South" of the power of political initiative and independent action. Adherence to a single political party had induced a condition of political apathy and stagnation. It is not extravagant to say that entire States were menaced with the complete extinction of civic virtue. The South had become wholly sectional and indifferent to the great national issues which there had no hearing, received no free discussion, and awakened no interest.

The decline in the number of voters in the Southern States is appalling. In Alabama, for example, the total vote for President in 1912 was more than 30,000 less than it was in 1880, forty years ago. And yet Alabama is a great sea-port and industrial State, vitally interested in every national question. In 1912 the total vote in Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina,

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Texas, and Virginia was less than it was in 1888. In Virginia and Louisiana the number of votes cast in 1912 was about half those cast in 1888. In those two States, twenty-two Presidential electors were chosen by a little over 200,000 voters, a proportion that would have given the voters of New York State about 160 electoral votes in that Presidential election, instead of the forty-five actually cast.

In 1916, these conditions were practically unchanged, the eight States just named casting over 200,000 votes less than in 1888.

It is not, however, to emphasize this sectional disproportion of political influence that these figures are cited. They are given to indicate an even more serious condition of political degeneration and departure from the standards of constitutional democracy. Under such a régime every important decision is made by the head of the party; and when the word is spoken, irrespective of its meaning, it becomes the shibboleth of the entire electorate. Dissent becomes a political death warrant; even the oligarchy that locally rules is cowed; and from the ruins of democracy, when its prerogatives of free and deliberate debate are thus denied, arise the insolent pretentions of an undisguised autocracy.

Herein is the explanation of the astounding fact that Democratic Senators, with a few courageous exceptions, have been voted *en bloc* by the mere word of command of a party chief, who by the nature of the case they have made an absolute master in his party's house.

By all the early traditions of the South and by all the present material interests of its people, we are warranted in believing that personal government is particularly odious to the citizens of that portion of our country. It is there, if anywhere, that the pure Jeffersonian political philosophy might be expected to prevail; and yet, it is an undeniable fact that its adhesion to one party has led the South into a position of obsequiousness to executive dictation which a generation ago would have seemed intolerable.

To the situation created by the two causes I have mentioned were added the exigencies of the Great War, which demanded for its success the conferring of almost dictatorial powers upon the Chief Executive. Grants of power unprecedented in this country, prerogatives which emperors have rarely possessed, were cheerfully accorded by the patriotism of the people, without distinction of party.

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A great emergency had temporarily changed the character of the Government, and under war conditions had made the President the possessor of powers undreamed of by the founders of the Republic. No foreign potentate occupied a position of such authority.

An early peace and a complete renunciation of the extraordinary powers bestowed for the purposes of the war were desired and expected by the people. They had entered the struggle to vindicate the rights of the nation. That vindication having at great cost and sacrifices been attained, it was fitting that, in full recognition of our honorable relations with our associates in the war, we should join them in making peace; but there were limitations, growing out of our character as a constitutional democracy and our traditional policies as a nation, which it was believed would be respected.

On October 6, 1918, the German Government addressed to the President a request that he take steps for the restoration of peace, and the interchange of communications continued until October 28th, when the German Government announced its readiness to accept an armistice on the terms which the President proposed. In the midst of these negotiations, on October 25th, in view of the approaching election, President Wilson, so confident had he become of his established supremacy, so unwilling was he to share the responsibility of making peace with the co-ordinate branches of the Government, issued his unprecedented demand that, if the people wished him to be their "unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad," they should give him an unmistakable expression of their confidence "by returning a Democratic majority to both the Senate and the House of Representatives."

Startling as that demand was, its whole import has never yet been fully realized. Ostensibly, it was made to give the President a free hand in determining the conditions of peace. Actually, it was a demand for supremacy in affairs "at home," as well as abroad. It was a *ballon d'essai* sent up in the hope that a confiding nation would empower him to continue as many of the war powers as he might think advisable, and as long as he pleased. There was in his mind the permanent control of the business of the country under an administrative system that had been created during the war. The only power that could check this supremacy of

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the Executive was the Congress. A Democratic Congress in both branches would have placed the President, at the moment when "reconstruction" was to be accomplished, in a position of unlimited power; and it was not mere "restoration" that was intended. "A Republican Congress," he said, "would divide the leadership," and "the choice of policy" would not then rest with him alone. This moment of national victory, when the whole world seemed to turn to the United States for leadership, and even to the person of the President, appeared to him an opportune occasion for carrying into practice, to quote his own words, "the radical reconstruction" which, in 1912, he had declared America was ready to attempt.

Was this a reconstruction in the spirit of the Constitution? Why then should the President alone be an "unembarrassed spokesman"? Why should he dread a leadership in which a freely chosen Congress should have a share? Who, with a Democratic majority in both Houses, was expected to possess "the choice of policy"? What was the significance of this preposterous appeal to the electorate? Why should a Democratic House and a Democratic Senate be preferred, if the President did not expect to control them? And if he could personally control them, if he alone had the "choice of policy," "in affairs at home and abroad," if he could thus eliminate all "checks and balances" from the Government, he could not only silence all debate, but he could exercise absolute power both in domestic reconstruction and in the settlements of peace. Not only so, but he could impose a peace, through the balance of power possessed by the United States, which would place in his hands a trusteeship of the civilized world.

The unmistakable answer given in November, 1918, to President Wilson's demand of the electorate to place in the legislative branch of the Government only those who would be subject to his control, revealed the fact that the country was not inclined to trust him as its "unembarrassed spokesman." The election of Republican majorities in both the Senate and the House was a clear rejection of that demand. So far as domestic affairs were concerned, that election ended President Wilson's dictatorship, and he himself reluctantly recognized the fact.

In foreign affairs, the case was different. Through his constitutional power to take the initiative in making treaties,

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he believed he was technically able, as he had long before pointed out, to use his own words, "to get the country into such scrapes, so pledged in the view of the world," that he could force the acceptance of his commitments upon the Senate and compel its ratification of them in order to avoid the "appearance of dishonor" in the eyes of other nations.

Not without evident malice, therefore, Mr. Wilson resolved that he alone should frame the policies of peace; that he would defy the usages of more than a century; that he would associate no Senator in any manner with the negotiations of peace; and that he would leave the country and go to Europe, in order that there should be no failure in the execution of personal plans which he divulged neither to the country nor to the Congress. In bidding that body adieu, on December 2, 1918, he gave no indication of the position in which he intended to place the United States in the course of the negotiations.

It was to the plenipotentiaries of other countries that President Wilson first definitely disclosed his purposes. To them he said that this country was willing to guarantee the European settlements, but only on condition that there should be formed an international body which he described as "a union of wills which cannot be resisted, and which I dare to say no nation will run the risk of attempting to resist,"—that is, a new sovereign corporation, to which even the United States would be subordinated, and which even it would not dare to resist!

As a merely personal proposal this astonishing project would have received no consideration; but President Wilson represented that this was no "private purpose," but was embodied in a "mandate" of the American people, which he and his appointees had "no choice but to obey." With great solemnity he added: "We would not dare abate a single item of the programme which constitutes our instruction. We would not dare compromise upon any matter as the champion of this thing."

I shall not attempt to characterize the moral quality of this bold declaration, but it is fitting to point out that, from a legal point of view, it is utterly indefensible. President Wilson had received no "mandate," he had been given no "instruction." There was in the United States no purpose to guarantee the European settlements, or to enter into a "union of wills that no nation would venture to resist."

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The legal right of the entire Government to enter into such a new constitution of government would have been contested from the moment it was suggested, had the fact been known.

At the most critical moment for the triumph of democracy in the history of the world, absolute democracy, the trustee theory of government, usurped the place of constitutional democracy, rejected all its postulates, denatured its purpose, and arbitrarily undertook, in the august name of "Peace," to involve the greatest example of constitutional democracy in the type of military imperialism from which, since its beginning, it has always been in revolt.

In the Covenant of the League of Nations there is no declaration of the inherent rights either of peoples or nations; the small and weak States are subject to the will of the great and powerful; there is no provision by which a nation that is wronged can secure redress, unless its territory or its merely nominal independence are taken away. Of all the general international compacts since the formation of the Holy Alliance, which it resembles in spirit without possessing its powers of enforcement, it is the least democratic that has been formed during the century that has passed.

True democracy makes peace by recognizing the freedom and jural equality of free peoples, not by guaranteeing the conquests of empires or partitions of territory made by ethnologists and cartographers foreign to the countries they assume to delimit, with the final approval of a Supreme Council of three persons not including one of their inhabitants. The bulwarks of democracy are free institutions and neighborly agreement, not military frontiers and foreign guarantees. Its strength is in obedience to law, not in the menace of power.

Inevitably the compromise of American constitutional democracy undertaken at Paris constitutes the most obvious issue between those who support and those who oppose it in the present political campaign. But it is not the whole issue. It is only one conspicuous feature of a political degeneration in the conception of democracy that affects the inner life as well as the outward relations of the Republic. Democracy defaulted at Paris, because it had already defaulted in the United States.

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THE FATE OF THE NATION

BY VERNON KELLOGG

SEVERAL different things, such as food, money, ships, cannon and men, are claimed to have won the war. Similarly, several things may be claimed to determine the fate of the nation. Teachers' salaries are the particular thing claiming that important privilege just now. If the salaries are not good the teachers will not be good, hence our education will be bad, and our coming generation and other generations will be bad. That augurs ill for the fate of the nation. As a teacher who would like his salary raised, I have a lively personal sympathy with this point of view. But I have an even keener interest in it because I do believe that our present educational programme is really in a situation of grave concern.

As a student of heredity, however, I cannot go the whole way with the convinced educationists. There are two factors that determine the fate of the individual, to wit, his heredity and his environment, which latter includes his social inheritance and education. I can recognize the fact, indeed, that the education of a man may have much less influence in determining his fate than his inherited capacity, physical and mental. You cannot really put a thousand dollar education into a fifty dollar boy or girl. This has been said before. It is true. But although less in influence, education may not be less in importance than inheritance for the reason that the education is indispensable for the use of the inheritance. A thing that is indispensable even though it be a little thing cannot be said to be less important than another indispensable larger thing. "Indispensable" is a positive, not a comparative, term.

The fate of the nation, then, does depend on education—among other things—and to the extent that it does depend on it, it seems to have at present a discouraging outlook.

Can we alter the educational conditions, now so bad, to be

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better, enough better so as to enable the nation to go confidently forward to the best of fates? Before we can answer yes to this question we must know what are the conditions that are especially bad and need altering. For one thing, teachers' salaries are desperately bad, and imperatively need altering. But I think of two or three other things also connected with education that we had better look at inquisitively. Let us have a swift glance at all of them.

II

First, then, the impossible salaries. Fortunately the country is being pretty thoroughly waked up to this situation. The Government's Bureau of Education—which ought really to be a Department of Education, because in our tending towards Federalism the Government is going to have more and more to do with our educational programme; it is already, indeed, having more and more to do with it—and the National Education Association have collected and published a really horrifying list of facts about the salaries and the results of them. Among these facts it is sufficient, perhaps, to note that in the school year 1918-19, 10% of the public school teachers in 392 cities scattered over the country were paid less than $600, 40% less than $800, 72% less than $1,000, 89½% less than $1,200, 98¾% less than $1,400 and 99½% less than $1,500. Only four teachers in a thousand, supposedly the chosen few of largest native ability, broadest education, highest culture, and most extended and comprehensive teaching and administrative experience were paid as much as $1,500 a year, or $125 a month. Of the 128 teachers in one of the largest high schools of New York City, 80% are doing something outside of regular teaching hours to add to their own income. This is not good for the teaching hours. The average salary of elementary school teachers in the United States in 1918 was $606, and of high school teachers, $1,031. The average salary of teachers in New Zealand in 1918 was considerably over 50% more than in the United States, the prideful land of the little red schoolhouse.

The results of such a scandalous and impossible condition of slave labor are just what the more cynical of us would suggest as the alternative of this slave labor. We might say to the teachers: You are not really owned slaves; you are only slaves to your conscience or inertia; you can

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quit if you want to. They may not want to, but they feel that they have to. So they are quitting. And the students who had begun preparing themselves in the normal schools and teachers' colleges to be teachers are also quitting. A recent study made by the National Education Association shows that more than 100,000 teaching positions in the public schools are now vacant or filled by teachers below standard, and that the output of normal schools and teacher-training schools shows a decrease of 30% in the last four years. The Bureau of Education states that there will be at least 110,000 vacancies in teaching positions in the elementary schools of the country this coming school year, with only 30,000 graduates of teacher-training institutions to fill them. One-third of the 84,000 teachers now in the high schools are reported as intending to leave their positions to enter some other profession next year. The greatest possible number of new eligibles for high school teaching is 9,000, so that 19,000 of the 28,000 vacant positions cannot be filled by adequately prepared teachers.

Signed statements made by more than 1,700 school superintendents show that 52,798 teachers resigned during the past year, a resignation of 22% of the total teachers. On this basis the total number of teachers resigned for the entire country would be 143,000. The Bureau of Education found that in February of this year 18,279 schools were closed for lack of teachers. The States in which salaries and standards are highest are, naturally, able to obtain the most adequate supply of teachers. In at least six of the Southern States more than a third of their schools are either without teachers or are being taught by teachers below their standards.

III

So much—and so bad—for the common schools. What about the higher schools, the colleges and universities of the country? Part of the answer is being given almost every day in the newspapers. The picturesque comparisons of the college professor's salary with the college janitor's and college gardener's wage, or, more contrastingly, with the wage of the various artisans at work on the new college buildings—for there is always money for new buildings on the campus even if for nothing else—and the daily bulletins of the progress of the many drives for additional college

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endowment for the purpose of increasing professional salaries, have been every morning's news for the past few months. However, a majority of the universities and colleges of the country have increased the salaries of their professors, *in dollars,* during the last three years. But this news is less comforting when we note that the increases have run from 3% to 30%,—excepting, most conspicuously, Harvard's recently announced increase of nearly 50%,—with most of the increases below the midway point between three and thirty. Unfortunately during the same time the current purchasing value of the dollar has been cut in half.

So the universities and colleges of the country are suffering from the same disease and its results as the common schools; the disease: inadequate salaries; the results: withdrawals from the ranks of the teachers. A recent number of *School Life,* the little fortnightly journal issued by the Bureau of Education, contains a suggestive classified list of typical cases of teachers in universities, colleges and normal schools of thirty-four States who have recently left teaching for other work. These cases include a wide range both of college positions resigned and of work taken up. One thing is common to all the instances; the transfer from college to outside work is always accompanied by an increase of salary. This increase varies from twenty to over five hundred per cent.

The list includes some curious exchanges. For example, a professor of biology at $2,000 went into the automobile business at $4,000; a professor of modern languages at $1,200 became a trade commissioner—whatever that is—at $4,500; a professor of English at $1,500 became an advertising manager at $5,000, a teacher of public speaking at $1,300 became a salesman at $2,500—perhaps not a far cry. A professor of education at $1,500 went into " oil " at $2,400, a professor of Romance languages at $2,500 became a city librarian at $5,000. A principal of a normal school at $1,800 became an advertising manager at $3,000, while a small-college president at $3,000 went into commercial work at $7,500.

But most of the transfers show less violence of contrast between the old and the new work. In fact many were simply transfers from a college position to a commercial position in the same professional line. Professors of agriculture and dairying became commercial farm managers

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and dairymen; professors of chemistry and physics went into industrial concerns; professors of geology and mining into mines and oil, professors of medicine and veterinary science into private practice, and a professor of mathematics into insurance—all, of course, at salaries from double to treble their former ones. They could probably have done this before, but they did not feel that they had to; they could live on their college salaries before, even if they could easily have made more money by going out. But now they are finding that they and their wives and children—and it is principally the hard row of the wives and children that is really deciding them—simply cannot live with decency and ordinary comfort on their college salaries.

That makes it all right for them, perhaps, but how does it make it for the universities? And for the university students? And for the fate of the nation? The answer is, we shall all agree, I am sure, that it makes it bad, very bad, for the institutions and the students and the whole country.

Conspicuous by their numbers among these college professors becoming business men, or the servants of business men, are the men of science. Perhaps they are the majority because they find it easier than do their colleagues of the humanistics, to get into other work. There is much science and much opportunity for scientific men outside the universities; there is little Greek and Latin and little demand for philologists in the realms of oil, automobiles, and metal alloys. But, then, if the scientific men who give up university work do not give up science when they go out, where is the harm, asks the business men who hire the scientists?

There are two answers. One is, that in most cases the scientific scholar who leaves the university is required to confine his work to applied science. He may have been a teacher and investigator of " pure science " in the university. He must now make an end of that. And with an end of pure science there will certainly come an end, some day, of applied science. The other answer is that whether his interest in the university was in pure or applied science, he was teaching science to younger men as well as finding out new science. He was training other men to be scientists; he was providing a supply of scientific men to take his place and the places of his contemporaries when he and they pass. He does not do that, or, at best, only to a very limited degree, when he goes out to sell his services to the calling indus-

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tries. The industries themselves will indeed be the ones to suffer first because of this. They are providing themselves for today at the expense of their provision for the future. Which is not a good thing for them—nor for the fate of the nation.

This drainage of the teachers from the universities threatens a real calamity to the country. I know there are many practical-minded persons who think, and say, often rather bluntly and loudly, that the country is likely to get on very well without Greek, Latin and Middle English, without metaphysics, poetry and ancient history. I, who am a scientific man, do not think so. But any way, as a scientific man, I can say, with characteristic scientific dogmatism, that I not only think but know that this country cannot get on very well without science and a continuous supply of new science and new scientific men. And to have that and them, continuous investigation in pure or fundamental science, continuous teaching and training of scientific students, and continuous stimulation and inspiration of these youthful scientists, are essential.

These things come, practically, only from the universities, and only from universities whose faculties contain competent and inspiring scientific teachers and investigators. The thirteen hundred scientific men working today in the research laboratories of a great telephone and telegraph company, and the other hundreds or thousands in other great industrial research laboratories, do not provide these essential things. They improve our telephones and other electrical instruments; they devise new metal alloys; they perfect a hundred kinds of machines; they make new perfumes and flavors and drugs out of coal-tar; they help make the nation stronger and greater today; but they leave no human heritage to make it stronger and greater tomorrow.

But it is not only the universities which are losing their scientific men and their other scholars because of an insufficient support of them. Our technical government service is also being stripped.

IV

What is to be the remedy for the ill results that are assuredly to come, if this draining of scientific men from the universities and government service continues? Two

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remedies are conceivable. First, the simple one of paying the men in universities and government technical services salaries comparable with those offered them by the industries. This is a remedy, however, which will not, indeed practically cannot, be provided, at least by the universities. Whatever the Government might do in the way of paying such salaries, if it decided to, the universities simply cannot meet them. And they do not have to. What the universities have to do is simply to bring the general run of salaries up to the point at which the men can live comfortably and decently on them. In addition, there should be in each university a few salaries—but only a few are necessary—which approach comparison with outside salaries. These will be the goals which can be looked forward to as the rewards for the very best work, open to attainment by the best men. Also there should be a rearrangement of teaching schedules and faculty administrative work in the direction of a lessening of required teaching hours and relief from committee and departmental office routine, and a provision of clerical and skilled assistance, and of necessary library and laboratory facilities, all of which combined will enable the university investigators really to investigate and be happy in their investigating. Research men in universities do not expect to be requited in dollars for their work; they chiefly demand opportunity to do it, and the means of keeping themselves and families comfortably alive while they are at work, with some provision in the way of pension or annuity insurance to relieve them of worries about the days of superannuation.

These things the universities must do, and the people must help the universities do them.

As for the common schools there is just one remedy: that is sufficient pay for the teachers. The fate of the nation, then, so far as it depends on education, seems to depend on money. This seems sordid. But it is not the sordidness of actually trying to buy a good fate. It is simply the use of sufficient money to make possible a service necessary to insure a right fate, a service which most of the persons from whom it is asked are willing to render if they are merely kept comfortably alive and in efficient condition while rendering it. Is this asking too much?

VERNON KELLOGG.

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THE FORGOTTEN FOLK

BY JOHN CORBIN

IN their widely heralded debate, Governor Allen asked Samuel Gompers a direct and simple question—a question which has been uppermost of late in the minds of many, and which had indeed been announced as the subject of debate. When a conflict between labor and capital halts the production or distribution of the necessaries of life, thus threatening the public peace or impairing the public health, "has the public any rights in such a controversy—or is it a private war between capital and labor?" Mr. Gompers hesitated and evaded, but from various parts of the hall the challenge rang out that he answer. At last he said, "An innocent child can ask more questions than his father——" With that his burly partisans broke into a roar of approving laughter. For the moment the Old Fox of the Federation triumphed. He could not, however maintain the air of his triumph. Thereafter his remarks came haltingly—were at best disjointed, at worst keen personal digs and broad insinuations. Eventually, in a surprising burst of frankness, he spoke apologetically of the fact that his remarks had become "desultory." And all the time he bore in his hand the plain, blunt question, which Governor Allen had written out for him.

The question referred, of course, to the fact that when the soft coal miners quit work during the bitterest cold of the winter of 1919-1920, Governor Allen, to the extreme disgust of organized labor, broke the strike, in so far as it affected Kansas, by calling out a force of young men who mined coal to warm the shivering public and save the lives of hospital patients. It referred also to the new Industrial Relations Court, likewise anathema to labor, by which Kansas hopes to avert all conflicts that threaten to shut down basic industries and tie up public utilities. But there were some in the audience who saw in the situation

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a still deeper question. Just what is "the public" whose rights were supposedly in debate? Labor and capital, capital and labor—since the industrial revolution gave every element in life new values and relations, these have been the substance of all thinking, economic and social. We know very well what they are. But only on rare occasions, after they have created conditions that are intolerable, have we remarked, with a vague impatience, that after all the public has *some* rights. . . . When peace was restored, though only for the moment, we quickly forgot about that. Statesmen and labor leaders, professors of economics and heads of bureaus in Washington, went right along thinking and writing only of labor and capital, capital and labor.

Is the public a thing that includes both labor and capital—the nation, in short? Or is it some *tertium quid,* vaguely conceived and as yet undefined? Mr. Gompers himself is apparently in doubt, and his doubt has rather the air of haunting him. A week after his breakdown into the "desultory," he gave out a written statement which purported to answer Governor Allen's question. There is no public, he said, which is wholly separate and apart from employers and employees. The "real public" includes all union men and women and is in fact "fully one-fourth union," while "Governor Allen's public" is, as it seemed to Mr. Gompers, "for the most part an employing and non-union public." Thus what is called "public welfare" is only "an abstraction." As the result of a week's cogitation, we were back on the familiar ground—labor and capital, capital and labor. . . . Thus, refreshed like Antaeus with a fall to his mother earth, Mr. Gompers came out roundly with the ancient doctrine. The strike is "the only means by which the laborer can compel consideration of his just demands." "The public has no rights which are superior to the toiler's right to defend himself against oppression." If all this means anything it means, first, that there is no such thing as the public and, second, that when it is set upon by labor—pummeled and mauled, frozen and starved—it has no rights.

If any one of us found a schoolboy attempting to solve a problem of three factors by reckoning with only two of them, we should give him up as a hopeless numskull; yet this is precisely what we have all been doing with the great

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problem in which we live and move and have our being —such as our being nowadays is. Governor Allen, it is true, has stood forth boldly as champion of the so-called public, and in doing so has gained a nationwide reputation.

But while declaring certain obvious rights, he has not defined the third factor nor attempted to fix its interrelationships with the other two. Nor have our publicists attempted the inquiry; even Mr. Gompers' doubly dramatic breakdown elicited from them only hoary platitudes and the vaguest and most helpless generalizations. Like the Old Fox himself they became desultory.

Something of vagueness, of self contradiction, inheres in this term, "the public." Labor and capital are definite and salient factors, mutually exclusive and dramatically arrayed. They seize the eye, arrest the attention, stimulate the constructive reason. The so-called public is not properly a factor at all. As Mr. Gompers pointed out, it includes both labor and capital. That is an idea which he doubtless gleaned from the well-meaning advocates of industrial harmony, who never weary of enlarging upon it with the air of bestowing a thought of sovereign worth. They exhort labor to modify its destructive violence, arguing that, as it is itself a part of "the public," it suffers from its own wastefulness. Labor laughs in its sleeve, no doubt, for it knows—none better—that only through organized striving, incessant warfare, has it raised itself, in the course of a century, out of defenseless oppression into a position of commanding might, before which today the whole world trembles. Likewise these good folk counsel capital to placate labor with liberal doles—because capital also profits in the general weal. At this the hard-headed capitalist smiles sardonically. By holding labor in check—fighting bitterly when he can and conceding graciously what he must—he has massed the wealth of the nation compactly until, through his ever expanding corporations, he wields a princely power. He knows too well that the moment he relaxes his readiness to fight labor the regime of capitalism is ended. Meantime the great majority of the people, who are neither hand laborers nor capitalists, receive no soothing word, no precious thought. Through the century and a half of the Industrial Revolution, they have remained an inchoate mass, a nebulous and whirling

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chaos which is torn unresisting while new worlds of might are born.

This fallacy of confusing a part with the whole crops up wherever people think and write—or write without thinking—of our economic and social problems. Examples might be cited indefinitely: a few must suffice. In an article written during the first year of the war, the Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation upbraided our nation as "a great undisciplined, unruly, envious and bickering family" and made a stirring call for "the co-operation of citizen with citizen, class with class." That was the only means by which our people could "act with singleness or loftiness of purpose, whether in a great emergency or in the continuous daily development of their national welfare"—and help win the war. It was an inspiring call, and Judge Gary sounded it in the name of "clear thinking"—to the lack of which he attributed our failure to act "with singleness and loftiness of purpose." But in what followed it was amply evident that, if thinking clearly, he was thinking of only two classes. "A banker may not be fit to operate a blacksmith shop, nor a blacksmith fit to manage a bank." What he wanted was to have Capital freed from the "bickering" of Labor, and to this end he offered Labor, in lieu of arbitrary advances gained by wasteful strikes, "greater safety, shorter hours, more continuous employment and a share in the increased profits"—the usual doles. No shadow of a thought, clear or muddled, was given to those laboring folk who are not organized and who never strike.

Our most liberal and disinterested organs of opinion have an outlook as narrow and confined. In an article written after the war *The Villager* said: "For the next stretch of the road anyway, labor is to be the leader of the tandem industrial team; capital has been moved back to the shafts." As to the salaried brain worker, we are told nothing. Is he the middle horse in a tandem team of three, a passenger in the cart—or only dirt in the roadway? The transformation of leader to wheelhorse, it appears, is to result in "a brake on industrial initiative"—a slowing down of production; but the fact that this would still further impoverish men living on fixed salaries is apparently not worth considering.

Whenever "the public" is officially represented in

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efforts at industrial harmony the situation becomes salient, dramatic. The most recent instance was the first Industrial Conference of October, 1919. As constituted by President Wilson, it contained the usual three groups. Labor was represented by the high officials of the American Federation and of the great Railway brotherhoods, under the leadership of Samuel Gompers. Capital was represented by the national Chamber of Commerce and the national Investment Bankers' Association. As the result of some unimaginable mental acrobatics, three representatives from national farmers' organizations were also included as capitalists. The "public" group represented no organization, exhibiting the usual nationwide straddle. At one end were Judge Gary, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Bernard M. Baruch—the last a sensationally successful Wall Street operator. At the other end were John Spargo and Charles Edward Russell, leaders of the Socialist Party and lifelong champions of Karl Marx. Somewhere between were Charles W. Eliot, long president of one of our richest educational corporations, and Bert M. Jewell, President of the Railway Employees Department of the American Federation of Labor. This motley assemblage had much ado to agree among themselves; and they had the still stiffer task of calling down the dove of peace upon the other two groups.

The inevitable happened—*c'est son metier!* Much was said of "collective bargaining"—but the conference proved unable even to define it. Judge Gary was derided in his capacity as a representative of the public and ultimately quit the conference in disgust. At the first opportunity the labor group fell upon the capitalists in the old familiar manner, evading every clear issue and endeavoring to twist the Conference, which was to have brought the industrial millennium, into an engine for winning a single strike—the steel strike, otherwise hopelessly lost. Failing in this, Samuel Gompers walked out with his cohorts, threatening to join up with the farmers—except of course the three "capitalists" present—and work universal destruction. "The time will come when they will be glad enough to bargain collectively with labor!" And so the dove of peace moulted one more feather.

One element of the true public was unrepresented in the Conference: the men who do not labor with their hands

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and do not control capital—the highly trained, hard-working employees of business houses, of industrial, financial and educational corporations. But though unrepresented, it cannot be said that they were conspicuous by their absence! You may search the world in vain for any gathering in which their rights are presented, for any clear definition of them as a class, or for any statement of their present wrongs and their legitimate aims. Capital is organized, class-conscious—and so manages to care for its own. Labor is organized, class-conscious; it takes its own abundantly. But the great range of folk in between have no organization, no sense of their collective interests, of their relation to the state as a whole. And so they are forgotten. If anyone bears them in mind it is the socialists; but they do not regard them as men and brothers. For reasons of their own they call them bourgeois, and mark them down for a still more thorough destruction.

The Socialists are not far from having their way. During the war, hand laborers have seen to it that their wages have risen in proportion to the rise of prices. Some of them are still buying diamonds and furs, talking-machines, pianos, automobiles. "Labor has been a movement," as *The Villager* remarks, "and you do not solve movements; you make way for them." Capital is likewise a movement, sweeping across the continent and everywhere creating wealth and a more abundant life. In spite of increased labor cost, income tax and excess profit tax, the rich are still the rich. The war has obliterated untold billions of the world's wealth; yet never in times of fat prosperity have luxuries been more eagerly consumed. But not by the salaried brain worker! He is still wearing the clothes he bought in 1914. His wife is doing housework, and his children, if he has any, are giving up the hope of advanced schooling and college. As far as the war has been paid for, it is the forgotten man mainly who has paid for it—paid for it in money, in free and vigorous living, in efficiency as a member of the nation. Even before the war, statistics showed that the brain workers were not increasing in proportion to the other classes. Today they must certainly be declining markedly, in numbers as in distinction and power.

Yet the forgotten man is the mind of the nation, if a nation in which such things happen can be said to have a

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mind. He is the underpaid clerk and cashier, the underpaid buyer and salesman, the underpaid manager, laboratory worker, lawyer, doctor, clergyman, professor.

When the belly and the members are at war, the whole body suffers. There is only one force that can control the strife. It is the brain. But what if the brain become anemic, atrophied?

It would be interesting to know why the American mind has so persistently—so obstinately, as it seems—refused to define, to visualize, this *tertium quid*. One conjecture suggests itself. Deep in the mental life of our people is the dogma that in America there are no classes; deep in the heart of our democracy is an abhorrence of social ticketing. We can talk of labor and capital—even think of them, and in some respects think profoundly, constructively—without invoking the idea of invidious discrimination.

But the only name we have for the intermediate folk is the middle class, and that is abhorrent to all—especially to the middle class! Does the subconscious mind practice a Freudian evasion? Is the middle class forgotten because it wills to forget itself? Labor and capital live in separate spheres. No question of social distinction arises; their struggle is purely economic. The brain worker rubs elbows everywhere. The clerk knows that he is inferior to the highly skilled and prosperous mechanic out in the factory, yet cherishes his white collar though it ruin him, for it means that his standing is that of an educated man.

The professional gentleman, whose whole soul tells him that he is superior to the mere wielder of moneybags, feels none the less a very definite awe before him. Labor is a great economic and political power. Wealth is our only nobility. But what distinction have the Forgotten Folk with which to feed their inward pride?

It is not merely in America that the brain-working class lies in abeyance. The phenomenon is familiar in every modern country. It is only here, however, that there is a national fiction, an ingrained tradition, that men are born equal and that the fostering of class interest is immoral. All this, at least, has been.

Of late certain forces have gained head in the world that cannot be evaded by subliminal dodging, that resist

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even the dogmas of the Declaration of Independence.

Two incidents mark the epoch. A college professor who objected that the plumber was charging more than he himself was paid received this airy rejoinder: "Yes, but I'm not a professor!" That was taken as a jest, however sorry; for the distinguished educator knew that some time and somehow he would be provided for—and besides, are not all Americans equal? But when the unions of railway hands held up supplies this same professor donned overalls and helped to break the strike. The health of his wife and the lives of his children were threatened, together with his tradition of national order and efficiency, solidarity and service. It took the strike in basic industries, on national arteries, to rouse the middle class. As long as labor and capital confined their "bickering" to scattered industries, the war was thought to be "private"; the "public," which has always been recognized as holding the balance of power, preserved an attitude of detachment, scarcely aware that it had a stake in the outcome and always ready to throw its sympathy to the supposed under dog of labor. An arrogant and exacting plumber, casually encountered, was a joke. But a national strike meant business. Of late years there are few labor wars that remain "private." The basic industries and the systems of transportation are rapidly tending toward organization on a nationwide scale, both as regards labor and as regards capital. Many a strike threatens the very life blood of the nation. In the few years since peace began to rage among us, the sheer might of economic pressure has forced "the public," throughout the civilized world, to a sense of its rights—and its power. The general strike in Winnipeg, the transportation strike in England, the coal strike as it affected Kansas, the general strike in Denmark, the "outlaw" railway strike and the dock strike in the port of New York, each in its own way and quite independently, called forth a new and portentous force to oppose it. The right to strike selfishly, recklessly, which labor has always asserted and which Mr. Gompers proclaims, has evoked a giant enemy before which in every contest labor has crumbled. The Forgotten Folk are remembering themselves—are on the verge of becoming class-conscious. When the national welfare is at stake, there is no such thing as

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a "scab." One sentence runs through a million minds: As long as the hand worker asserts the right to strike in basic industries and public utilities, the brain worker will assert the equal right to break that strike.

Let no one beguile himself with the fancy that this war is won. As yet we have had only a few skirmishes at the outposts. At the latest convention of the American Federation of Labor, at Montreal, a large majority voted in favor of government ownership and democratic control of railways, mines, and whatever they choose to put their hands to. It is "the principle of the Plumb Plan" applied to all possible basic industries and public utilities—in a word Syndicalism, or at best Guild Socialism. This was not the work of vague visionaries and irresponsible agitators. It was largely the work of upstanding craftsmen and mechanics, men of American birth and traditions, highly paid, proudly class-conscious and with millions in their Federation treasuries. They are far more deeply versed in the literature of economic and social advance than a vast majority of us others who, though we have minds educated and trained, have been too steeped in economic ignorance and political dogma to realize what is up in the world and doing. The federated American laborers know—none better—that government ownership and "democratic" control mean waste of capital and inefficient service. Why does not this deter them? Because Syndicalism has honeycombed the Federation, with its promise of a larger life and a more exalted power for the worker.

We are entering the climax of an epoch. Early in the nineteenth century the era of small and local units in business gave birth to small and local trade and crafts unions. As business tended to consolidate on a national basis, the scattered trade and crafts unions likewise drew together in a national Federation of Labor; but the component units were still a multiplicity of trade and craft unions—skilled workers. Today the Syndicalists, "boring from within" the Federation, are building up a new type of organization, potentially of far greater power. The basic unit of organized labor is to be not the craft but the industry as a whole—unskilled workers included with the skilled. Labor in the steel trade, the coal mines, the railways—in every basic industry and public utility—is to be organized

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as a nation-wide unit, obedient to command. The ultimate aim, as syndicalist leaders have proclaimed, is a nation-wide struggle for mastery between all labor and all capital. At Montreal, Mr. Gompers resisted the radicals to the last ditch. At heart he and his dwindling faction believe in the skilled worker and distrust the unskilled; in political theory they are individualists, not socialists; in economic theory they are capitalists, not syndicalists, national guildsmen or Plumb Planners. But the mass of the once conservative Federation has turned decisively against them.

That is why, in all his public utterances, the naturally clear mind of Samuel Gompers seems muddled. He is a patriotic and far-seeing American. He knows the middle class, its rights and its potential strength, far better than "the public" knows it, and being sincerely devoted to the cause of labor he undoubtedly fears its awakening. His repeated praise of industrial peace, of enhanced production, is no doubt quite genuine. If he declares the eternal sanctity of the strike and denounces all effort to submit industrial differences to an appropriate court, it is mainly because to do otherwise is to outrage the majority of his followers who are preparing for the ultimate duel, and thus to forfeit his lifelong leadership in the Federation. The situation is complicated but the upshot is obvious—that the hand of labor is against both capital and "the public." What else can this mean but continued and ever widening war?

As this warfare progresses, a definite middle class is emerging from the inchoate public—becoming slowly but steadily class-conscious. With each succeeding strike it is consolidating its forces. England has already a nationwide Middle-Class Union, and there will soon be one here. Not only labor but "the public" stand at the crossways, confronting a momentous decision. In the inevitable process of achieving class consciousness, what will happen to the middle-class mind, the middle-class soul? Will it preserve its traditional sense of national order and efficiency, of social solidarity and service? Or will it become self-centered—merely one more faction in the national bickering?

There is a dangerous element in the situation. The middle-class has, and presently it will cherish, a wrong as deep as the wrong which, over a century ago, gave origin and impetus to the labor unions. While labor and

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capital float high on the tide of war-made prosperity, the salaried folk are submerged. Their grievances in the matter of rent, clothing and food are familiar—the tragedy of "the new poor." This wrong affords the definite incentive to organized resistance. But underlying it is a moral wrong which, consciously or unconsciously, is raising the irresistible groundswell of rebellion. Untold millions of Americans are totally unable to educate their children as they themselves were educated, unable to equip them for the work of their kind in the world. Other millions have been prevented by poverty from having children at all. For the present this deeper cause is scarcely realized; no voice of protest is raised. But when the financial cause is reenforced and inspired by a full sense of the moral issue, the patriotic issue, we shall have material for strife of the bitterest.

These are the more obvious facts in the problem of the Forgotten Folk; in its subtler relations it ramifies every bypath of the complicated modern state. If met and solved in the spirit of free institutions, the solution should bring new health and vigor to all members of the economic body. As the middle class suffers, the mind of the nation becomes anemic and shrivels; as the middle class flourishes so does the nation as a whole. But with the opportunity is a great danger. . . .

One fact is paramount Above the belly and the members is the brain—and that, after all, is the seat of intelligence and of whatever human nature can boast in altruism.

JOHN CORBIN.

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A MEDITERRANEAN DIARY

BY HARRIET BARD SQUIERS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following letter was written to her sister by the widow of the Hon. Herbert G. Squiers, who was for many years in our diplomatic service. He was First Secretary of the American Legation in China and later was the first American Minister to Cuba and to Panama. The World War called Mrs. Squiers to service. She joined the active nursing force of the Hospice de St. Vincent de Paul, at Montmirail sur Marne. During the last part of the war she was Infirmière Major there, and served on through the Spring offensive of* 1918, *sticking to the hospital and running it with casual volunteer help when even the French équipe had been ordered to abandon it before the German advance. She was shelled and bombed continually, but her experience in the Boxer Rebellion at Pekin, where she had to crawl about on her hands and knees to avoid being hit by the Boxer bullets which came in through the windows, had hardened her to that sort of thing. After the Armistice she was attached to a French hospital at Strasburg before being mustered out. She received a number of citations for bravery and devotion, besides the Médaille de la Reconnaissance Française and the Croix de Guerre. Last Autumn she took service in an American hospital unit which was going to Syria, and the letter which follows, written in the form of a diary, is an account of her journey out and of her organization of a "Foyer" in General Gouraud's army. This diary, because of its exceptional interest and vividness, was secured for publication through the courtesy of Mrs. Squiers' family, and unknown to her.*

"Camp de la Paix," Alexandretta.

MY DEAR F.—:

I have been living in a whirlwind since I left Paris in March. Life has been like a cinema. I have sent you postals from every place, but have had no time to write. This letter is really a diary. It seems a year since we sailed from Marseilles, I have done and seen so much. We arrived at Alexandria on the 22d—such a wonderful trip, the sea like glass all the way, with marvellous sunsets, the people on board not very interesting. General G— and staff were the exception. The General was in Strasburg with me. He was en route to Beyrout, to be with General Gouraud. Nearly

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every one left the ship to go to Cairo, as she took three days to unload her cargo, and we had time before the train left to look about the town. Alexandria is not interesting, except for local coloring, and seemed to me like China and all other Eastern towns. The train trip was interesting, passing native villages and caravans of camels. We saw the Nile only just before reaching Cairo, where we arrived about nine o'clock. We went to Shepheard's Hotel, and got to bed as quickly as possible, realizing that we had only three days to see all the interesting things and places. In the morning, from my little porch, I had my first glimpse of the town. Such a conglomeration of people!—every nation of the world. As for the town, the foreign part, one might fancy one was in Nice or on the Riviera. The old town of Cairo is a maze of streets still full of charm, and M— and I started with our guide to see it. We passed through streets which twisted beneath overhanging balconies covered with wooden trellises of exquisite workmanship. We could hardly walk in the midst of a dense crowd of men and beasts, women veiled in black, men in long robes and white draperies, little donkeys with collars of blue beads, rows of camels carrying loads of lucerne, and above the little white houses one could see the tall minarets, from which you knew that you were in the adorable East. We went into all the shops; the only tempting things were the rugs, excepting some perfume. But oh! what filth and dirt!—quite Oriental. Again I recalled China. We then returned to the hotel, had a good luncheon, and ordered a carriage for the pyramids. We stopped at the Government House, as I had heard that Commander Allenby, Lord Allenby's brother, was there, a great friend of H—'s and mine. He was not there, but Lord Allenby came out and talked to M— and me.

We arrived at the pyramids at sunset. At a certain point we changed from the carriage, M— to ride a camel and I a donkey. I wondered if what we saw was a hill of sand; one could hardly tell. It seemed like a great rosy cloud, and from out of this cloud rose the Pyramids and the Sphinx, with its fixed eyes and smile, and, all about, the endless desert. It was marvellous—nothing to be seen but those three huge things standing upright and still. I cannot tell you how it impressed me. We returned to the hotel near the Pyramids for tea, which was painfully incongruous—music playing, fox trots, etc. I heard the call

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of the Sphinx and the desert, and shut my eyes and ears, and longed to go back. Alas! too late; we had to return to Cairo.

Next day we went to Sakarrah and Memphis by motor, to see the colossal statue of Rameses II and the many interesting things. We left the car in Memphis and went on donkeys to the tomb of Apis. Who should we meet in the Tombs but Clemenceau! I spent the afternoon visiting the wonderful mosques and citadel, tombs of the Mamelukes and the old Coptic Crypt where the Virgin Mary rested with Jesus in the Flight into Egypt. We then went to the ruins of Babylon, and then to see the spot where Moses was hidden in the bulrushes. We returned, dead tired, to Cairo, for dinner and the ten o'clock train to Alexandria, as our steamer sailed the next afternoon, and we dared not stop longer. Oh! the beautiful Nile! I shall never be happy until I can go in a dahabeah up that wonderful river, where the women in their black robes come to fill their long-necked jars, and carry them on their veiled heads,—the shepherds bringing their goats, sheep, and water buffaloes, all mixed together to drink. The birds are lovely—all colors; the blue kingfishers and a bird that looks bronze, green, purple, and bright yellow. The one beautiful songster is the skylark. I never saw such wonderful poppies; when the sunshine strikes them they are like colored flames against the deep blue of the sky. The country is radiant with them. One cannot but love Egypt. I shall never forget the little I have seen of it.

* * *

We arrived in Alexandria, lunched, then boarded our ship, jolly glad to rest. We reached Port Said the following morning, and spent the day there. It was nothing new to me. We left Port Said in the evening, and stopped at Jaffa, As it was for only a short time, I did not go ashore, as I knew I should see it again. We arrived at Beyrout on the 28th, Palm Sunday. The town is very dirty, but the country is beautiful. Monday we lunched with General Gouraud. M— sat at his right and I at his left. He was charming. After lunch he made me play poilu songs, and he seemed to enjoy them. M— then arranged for us to go to Jerusalem, as we could not come here till the camp had moved higher in the hills. At 7 o'clock Monday night we were off in the little steamer *Manon* for Haifa, to take the train for Jerusalem. Maybe we didn't have to rush!—just time

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to pack a little handbag. On the steamer were a lot of the Beyrout American College students, also going to Jerusalem. We had great fun singing. I played all the evening, and we sang "Drink to me only with thine eyes." On arriving in the morning at Haifa, we found our train and were off to the Holy City. The train was crowded, and I found myself going into a compartment with an English General and his wife, Sir W— G—. I politely begged their pardon and was backing out, but the General would not hear of it. So down I sat, and enjoyed every minute, for he pointed out the sites of all the battles and the troops' difficulties when entering Jerusalem. One never could imagine them unless one saw the country. A strange thing happened. Before leaving Paris, B— said, "Mother, be careful. I dreamed you were on a train with a general. The train was wrecked and you were killed." Well, if we had arrived the day before, and had taken the train, I probably should have been killed, as the train was wrecked and many were killed. I felt nervous when I saw the general, remembering B—'s dream, and was glad when we reached our journey's end in safety. We arrived after dark, and were whirled off in a carriage to the Grand New Hotel.

The next day was Holy Thursday. It did not seem possible that I was in Jerusalem, the dream of my life. Here is the old Testament and the New, all nations, Moslem, Jewish, Greek, Latins, Armenians and Protestants. We went to the service on Holy Thursday in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and were locked in from one o'clock till five. The service was beautiful, the music most lovely. An English priest was with us, and showed us all around the church. On one side Greeks, on the other Armenians and Catholics. Before the altar, wonderful jeweled lamps were hanging, and the jewels on the Virgin Mary, in glass cases, were worth a fortune. I went into the Holy Sepulchre and said my prayers. I could not realize that I was praying at Christ's tomb.

In the evening we had a remarkable service in the church where the Virgin Mary is buried, just outside of the Garden of Gethsemane. We then went to the Garden of Gethsemane, and saw it by moonlight, the white light flooding the Mount of Olives and the Garden. To think that we were walking over the very ground on which Our Lord had walked! The Greek Church is near the Garden of Geth-

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semane. The Patriarch had been taken prisoner, and the key retained by the Turks, so the Protestants were having their service outside the church in the moonlight, and one heard in the silence " Abide with Me." It was all wonderful to me —so many different ways to the same God! Some said that it took all religious feeling away from them; to me it was inspiring. Good Friday was an unforgettable day. It was also a great Mohammedan feast. I went to church and to the Way of the Cross, through the street of the Via Dolorosa. I then joined M——. We took a carriage and went to see the great Mohammedan procession. Such crowds, the hills covered by every nation in their vivid costumes; such coloring, and such a picture! Over the hills one hears the drums and the weird chanting as the procession approaches slowly. You see, carried on the back of one of the Arabs, one of the leaders brandishing a sword in the air to the rhythm of the music, and the crowds clapping their hands, and the weird, weird chant. It took them hours to pass. When M—— and I returned we were quite ready for dinner. We had changed our hotel and gone to the Convent Nôtre Dame de France, which had a charming situation. One could see the Mount of Olives and the Holy Sepulchre. I did not go out in the evening. I had too much to think of.

* * *

Saturday we went to Bethlehem and spent the morning. In the afternoon we went to the Mount of Olives. In the evening I looked from my window, and in the sky hung an enormous cross. It is on the dome of the Sepulchre, and is illuminated only on Easter Eve. On Easter morning I got up at half-past five for mass. I bought many rosaries, had them blessed, and at the Communion service at Christ's Tomb I laid them on the Tomb. One I bought for General Gouraud, who is a devout Catholic. Never will I forget the service. While we were having our service, Greeks were having theirs, Armenians theirs. All the church was lighted, and you never saw anything more gorgeous than all the lighted jeweled lamps. There were two monks with angelic voices. M—— and I had to leave for Beyrout on the ten o'clock train, as we were due here the beginning of the week. The morning we left, they had the great fight between the Jews and the Mohammedans. While the High Mass was going on there was fighting in

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the streets. Again I have not told you half the things I want to—all about the wonderful mosque of Omar, and many other things.

It was with sadness that M—— and I left Jerusalem. We had to go to Haifa to catch a boat to Beyrout. We arrived late, and went to a "Hospice Allemand," having been told by the English officers in Jerusalem that it was the best, and run by French sisters. The "French sisters" proved to be Germans. As it was filled with English, we stopped. The country was lovely, but the place was full of Boches. M—— and I started on the following day for Jaffa to catch the boat. We had to wait three days. I lived through it, as it was so interesting. I went to Simon the Leper's House,—at least, to the place where it once was,—and to the House of Tabitha. I lived in the days of the Bible. We arrived in Beyrout on the 11th of April, and had to wait till the 17th to come here. General Gouraud and everyone gave us a rare time. We lunched and dined with him, and he could not do too much for us. We were invited to have tea with an Emir. He had a fascinating house outside of Beyrout, right on the sea. We had all kinds of queer things for tea.

We said *adios* to Beyrout on the 17th. It took us three days on the boat, as we stopped all along the coast. We wanted so much to get off and see Tripoli, but we had a terrible rain storm. Fortunately it was over when we reached Latakieh. F—— will know all about it from the Odyssey. It is a lovely spot. We all had coffee with the commanding officers. Afterward we went for a walk through the native village. John wrote some of the Revelation in the Convent. One street consisted of nothing but beautiful Roman arches.

. . . . . .

There are now only three of us, and I am alone in the camp. I have made it, I think, a success. M— and Mrs. K—— have gone to establish another *Foyer du Soldat* in Rilis. We arrived in Alexandretta on the 20th, and came to camp on the 21st. I must tell you the most remarkable coincidence. The night before coming up here, we were invited to dine on General Gouraud's yacht. The General had sent Monsieur de Caix on a special mission to General Obey (our general). We all lunched at the

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general's, and then went in the evening to dine. As it was dark, I could not see the boat from the outside, but the minute I boarded her I thought, "How familiar this yacht looks! I am sure it is our old yacht, the *Norseman*." And it was! The French Government bought her from Lord L——; they changed her name to *Albatross*.

The next morning M—— and I were up bright and early, and off to camp to arrange the tents before the others came on the following day. The sky and sea were so blue that it was hard to tell one from the other; the birds were singing, and the fields were filled with daisies, poppies, wild carrots, and all sorts of wild flowers. Up on the top of the highest hill were dotted white tents. These hills are glorious, covered with flowers, and so green. A little distance from the camp, our tents were waiting for us. Naturally, there was great excitement among the poilus and officers. M—— and I started in at once, and by night had the beds up and things started. Such fun! After a few days, M— and K— were sent to Adana, and I was left with the three maids.

While they were gone, I worked like a dog to have everything arranged before M—— returned. I wish you could see the officers' room, and the *sous-officiers'*. I made them really attractive. I went down to Alexandretta, found some one who could speak Arabic, and spent my day in the native part of the town. I found some black panels covered with flowers, and bought enough to panel the sides of the tents; found mats, such as we had in China, bought big drinking jars and long pillows, and got enough blue to cover the divans and make a curtain for the entrance of the tent. Then back to camp, and next day how I worked! I had the tables and benches painted black, and also the jars. When the panels were up, and the divans covered with the yellow and blue and filled with cushions, I had the room filled with flowers and the jars filled with branches of genet, the writing tables made ready, and books and papers provided. The *sous* room was the same, except that the covering was blue and white.

It would have made you weep to see the gratitude of the officers and men at the little touch of home. M—— and K—— were delighted. It has made the *Foyer* celebrated, and everyone in Beyrout knows of it.

Every night, from the first, I was out with my poilus,

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having a concert under the moon and stars, and giving them cigarettes. You should have heard them sing. My poilus are having a barrack built, and if I cannot find a piano, General Gouraud will send me his. Every afternoon we had tea for the officers at five; at six, coffee for the poilus. I can tell you, they are happy. M— has started a remarkable work; one cannot realize, unless one is here to see, how necessary it is to introduce a little joy into the lives of these dear poilus and officers, so far away from their homes and loved ones, and in a country where there is nothing to amuse them, and where it is impossible to get any creature comforts. The General gave them a cinema and phonograph, and we keep them gay. We have no fruits and few vegetables; the natives are too lazy to grow them. I have a little flower garden in front of the officers' tent; if I were staying, I should plant vegetables, for the earth is so rich that anything will grow. I fancy the French will do so, as soon as things are more settled. The brigands are everywhere in the hills; every night they have their signals, and it takes me back to the Western Hills after the siege, among the brigands, with an American guard. I long to walk in the hills, but no one is allowed. Their homes are the color of the soil and cannot be seen, but they see you easily, and you never come back. I have a guard of *spahis* on one hill near the tent, and one of poilus on a hill quite a little distance off. We have trenches all around which were dug by the Turks, and jolly good ones.

We sent a lot of our men to take a town about fifty kilometers from here. I was so sad to see them marching away, boys of nineteen and twenty, and after five years of war. It is terrible. Thank God they are back, only one killed; and they took the town. We have the Senegalese troops also, and *spahis*. The *spahis* are a picture in their red capes, white turbans and brown, with their dark faces beneath, and framed by the glorious country. When coffee and cigarette-time arrives, they come like masses of black clouds. As they all look alike to me, they get more than their share of cigarettes. They stick out first one black hand and then the other, and as the *spahis* never touch pinard, I give them lemonade.

Now I must tell you the tragedy. Night before last we had almost a cyclone. At twelve o'clock the maids and I had to fly to the house of the *Pigeons Voyageurs* for

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safety. All the tents were blown down, also the poilus', and the officers' papers were blown to sea. Well, I just damned that vile wind and thought, "Build not treasures on this uncertain planet." Also, I almost wept; so did all of us. Never mind! In two days I shall have them up again and in order. The Captain of the Senegalese gave me a squad of his soldiers to help me unearth the wreck. In a short time all was brought here in my poilus' barracks, where I am until the tents are up again. I felt like the refugees, seeing my belongings being carried in. The captain in charge of the camp came while the Senegalese were working. They are wonderful. In one of the battles, their captain told me, his sergeant stood always in front of him. He ordered him to "Go behind!" but the Sergeant answered, "No, my captain, for if a ball comes, it kills me and not you." He also said to me, "Never be afraid, madame, if the brigands come, we shall save you." One of them had a big knife in his belt. I asked him what he did with it. He answered, "Brigands say no like Frenchee. I kill one, two, three." They are splendid, ink-black men, straight as arrows, and powerful. I know them well, as I cared for many in the hospital.

I shall have a picture taken of the camp and of my soldiers, and shall send it to you. You should see me with the pigeons! I feed them twice a day. They are on my head, arms, and shoulders. As this is called "my camp" I can do anything I want. I hope M—— won't return till I am all in order again. If she sees the tents gone she will think the brigands have taken me. We are to have three generals, and, in a few days, fifteen thousand troops. They will be spread all around this part of the country. It is so interesting, and, as I said, a splendid work.

I shall have to stay here until M—— finds some one to take my place. After all is organized, it will not be difficult. When I say that I am going, you should hear them! The General says he will have me chained. . . .

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A SHEAF OF NATURE NOTES

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

NATURE'S WIRELESS

THE Spirit of the Hive, which Maeterlinck makes so much of, seems to give us the key to the psychic life of all the lower orders. What one knows, all of that kind seem to know at the same instant. It seems as if they draw it in with the air they breathe. It is something like community of mind, or unity of mind. Of course it is not an intellectual process, but an emotional process; not a thought, as with us, but an impulse.

So far as we know there is nothing like a council or advisory board in the hive. There are no decrees or orders. The swarm is a unit. The members act in concert without direction or rule. If anything happens to the queen, if she is lost or killed, every bee in the hive seems to know it at the same instant, and the whole swarm becomes greatly agitated. The division of labor in the hive is spontaneous, the bees function and coöperate as do the organs in our own bodies, each playing its part without scheme or direction.

This community of mind is seen in such an instance as that of the migrating lemmings from the Scandinavian peninsula. Vast hordes of these little creatures are at times seized with an impulse to migrate or to commit suicide, for it amounts to that. They leave their *habitat* in Norway and without being deflected by any obstacle, march straight towards the sea, swimming lakes and rivers that lie in their way. When the coast is reached, they enter the water and continue on their course. Ship captains

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report sailing for hours through waters literally alive with them. This suicidal act of the lemmings strikes one as a kind of insanity. It is one of the most puzzling phenomena I know of in animal life. But the migration of all animals on a large scale shows the same unity of purpose. The whole tribe shares in a single impulse. The animal migration of the caribou in the North is an illustration. In the flocking birds this unity of mind is especially noticeable. The vast armies of passenger pigeons which we of an older generation saw in our youth, moved like human armies under orders. They formed a unit. They came in countless hordes like an army of invasion, and they departed in the same way. Their orders were written upon the air; their leaders were as intangible as the shadows of their wings. The same is true of all our flocking birds; a flock of snow buntings, or of starlings, or of blackbirds, will act as one body, performing their evolutions in the air with astonishing precision.

In Florida, in the spring when the mating instinct is strong, I have seen a flock of white curlews waltzing about the sky, going through various intricate movements, with the precision of dancers in a ball-room quadrille. No sign, no signal, no guidance whatever. Let a body of men try it under the same conditions, and behold the confusion, and the tumbling over one another! At one moment the birds would wheel so as to bring their backs in shadow, and then would flash out the white of their breasts and under parts. It was like the opening and shutting of a giant hand, or the alternate rapid darkening and brightening of the sail of a tacking ice-boat. This is the spirit of the flock. When a hawk pursues a bird, the birds tack and turn as if linked together. When one robin dashes off in hot pursuit of another, behold how their movements exactly coincide! The hawk-hunted bird often escapes by reaching the cover of a tree or a bush, but not by dodging its pursuer, as a rabbit or a squirrel will dodge a dog. Schools of fish act with the same machine-like unity.

In the South I have seen a large area of water, acres in extent, uniformly agitated by a school of mullets apparently feeding upon some infusoria on the surface, and then instantly, as if upon a given signal, the fish would dive and the rippling cease. It showed a unity of action as of ten thousand spindles controlled by electricity.

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How quickly the emotion of fear is communicated among the wild animals! How wild and alarmed the deer become after the opening of the first day of the shooting season. Those who have not seen or heard a hunter seem to feel the impending danger.

The great flocks of migrating butterflies (the monarch) illustrate the same law. In the fall they are all seized with this impulse to go South and thousands of them march in one body. At night they roost in the trees. I have seen photographs of them in which they appeared like a new kind of colored foliage covering the trees. In the return flight in the spring, the same massing again occurs. Recently the Imperial Valley in California was invaded by a vast army of worms moving from east to west. In countries that have been cursed with a plague of grasshoppers witnesses of the spectacle describe them as moving in the same way. They stopped or delayed railway trains and automobiles—their crushed bodies making the rails and highways as slippery as grease would have made them. Ten million or ten billion behaving as one.

This community of mind stands the lower orders in great stead. It makes up to them in a measure for the want of reason and judgment. In what we call telepathy we get hints of the same thing among ourselves. Telepathy is probably a survival from our earlier animal state.

II

MAETERLINCK ON THE BEE

Maeterlinck in his *Life of the Bee* resists the conclusion of Sir John Lubbock that flies are more intelligent than honey bees:

"If you place in a bottle half a dozen bees," says Sir John, "and the same number of flies, and lay the bottle down horizontally with its base to the window, you will find that the bees will persist till they die of exhaustion or hunger in their endeavors to discover an issue through the glass; while the flies, in less than two minutes, will all have sallied forth through the neck on the opposite side."

The flies are more intelligent than the bees because their problems of life are much more complicated; they are fraught with many more dangers; their enemies lurk on all sides; while the bees have very few natural enemies.

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There are no bee catchers in the sense that there are scores of fly catchers. I know of no bird that preys upon the worker bees. The kingbird is sometimes called the "bee martin" because he occasionally snaps up the drones. All our insectivorous birds prey upon the flies; the swallows sweep them up in the air, the swifts scoop them in, while, besides the so-called fly-catchers, the cedar birds, the thrushes, the vireos, and all other soft-billed birds, subsist more or less upon them. Try to catch a big blow-fly upon the window-pane and see how difficult the trick is, while with a honey bee it is no trick at all. Or try to swat the ordinary house-fly with your hand. See how he squares himself and plants himself as your threatening hand approaches! He is ready for a trial of speed. He seems to know that your hand is slower than he is, and he is right in most cases. Now try a honey bee. The case is reversed. The bee has never been stalked; it shows no fear; and to crush it is as easy as to crush a beetle.

The wit and cunning of all animals are developed by their struggle for existence. The harder the struggle, the more their intelligence. Our skunk and porcupine are very stupid because they do not have to take thought about their own safety; Nature has done that for them.

To bolster up his case, Maeterlinck urges that "the capacity for folly so great in itself argues intelligence," which amounts to saying that the more fool you are, the more you know.

Buffon did not share Maeterlinck's high opinion of the intelligence of the bee; he thought the dog, the monkey, and the majority of other animals, possess far more; an opinion which I share. Indeed, of free intelligence the bee possesses very little. He is the slave of an overmastering instinct, as our new nature poet, McCarthy, says,

> She makes of labor an eternal lust.

Bees do wonderful things, but do them blindly. They work as well (or better) in the darkness as in the light. The Spirit of the Hive knows and directs all. The unit is the swarm, and not the individual bee.

The bee does not know fear; she does not know love. She will defend the swarm with her life, but her fellows she heeds not.

It is very doubtful if the individual bees of the same

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hive recognize one another at all outside the hive. Every bee-hunter knows how the bees from the same tree will clip and strike at one another around his box, when they are first attracted to it. After they are seriously engaged in carrying away his honey, they pay no attention to one another or to bees from other swarms. That bees tell one another of the store of honey they have found is absurd. The unity of the swarm attends to that.

Maeterlinck tells of a little Italian bee that he once experimented upon during an afternoon, the results showing that this bee had told the news of her find to eighteen bees! Its "vocabulary" stood it in good stead!

Maeterlinck's conception of the Spirit of the Hive was an inspiration, and furnishes us with the key to all that happens in the hive. The secret of all of its economies are in the phrase. Having hit upon this solution, he should have had the courage to stand by it. But he did not. He is continually forgetting it and applying to his problem the explanations we apply in our dealings with one another. He talks of the power of the bees to give "expression to their thoughts and feelings;" of their "vocabulary," phonetic and tactile; he says that the "extraordinary also has a name and place in their language;" that they are able to "communicate to each other news of an event occurring outside the hive;" all of which renders his Spirit of the Hive superfluous. He quotes from a French apiarist who says that the explorer of the dawn—the early bee,—like the early bird that catches the worm, returns to the hive with the news that "the lime trees are blooming today on the banks of the canal;" "the grass by the roadside is gay with white clover;" "the sage and the lotus are about to open;" "the mignonette and the lilies are overflowing with pollen." "Whereupon the bees must organize quickly and arrange to divide the work." They probably call a council of the wise ones and after due discussion and formalities proceed to send out their working expeditions. "Five thousand of the sturdiest will sally forth to the lime trees, while three thousand juniors go and refresh the white clover." "They make daily calculations as to the means of obtaining the greatest possible wealth of saccharine liquid."

When Maeterlinck speaks of "the hidden genius of the hive issuing its commands," or recognizes the existence among the bees of spiritual communications that go beyond

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a mere "yes" or "no," he is true to his own conception.

The division of labor among hive bees is of course spontaneous, like all their other economies—not a matter of thought, but of instinct.

Maeterlinck and other students of the honey bee make the mistake of humanizing the bee, thus making them communicate with one another as we communicate. Bees have a language, they say; they tell one another this and that; if one finds honey or good pasturage, she tells her sisters, and so on. This is all wide of the mark. There is nothing analogous to verbal communication among the insects. The unity of the swarm, or the Spirit of the Hive, does it all. Bees communicate and coöperate with one another as the cells of the body communicate and cooperate in building up the various organs. The spirit of the body coördinates all the different organs and tissues, making a unit of the body.

If some outside creature, such as a mouse or a snail, penetrates into the hive, and dies there, the bees encase it in wax, or bury it where it lies, so that it cannot contaminate the hive, and a foreign object in the body, such as a bullet in the lungs, or in the muscles, becomes encysted in an analogous manner, and is thus rendered harmless.

Kill a bee in or near the hive and the smell of its crushed body will infuriate the other bees. But crush a bee in the fields or by the bee-hunter's box which is swarming with bees, and the units from the same hive heed it not.

Bees have no fear. They have no love or attachment for one another as animals have. If one of their number is wounded or disabled, they ruthlessly expel it from the hive. In fact, they belong to another world of beings that is absolutely oblivious of the world of which we form a part. They murder or expel the drones, after they have done their work of fertilizing the queen, in the most cruel and summary manner. Their apparent attachment to the queen, and their loyalty to her, are not personal. They do not love her. It is the Spirit of the Hive, or the cult of the swarm solicitous about itself. There are no brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, among the bees; there are only co-workers, working not for the present, but for the future. When we enter the kingdom of the bee, we must leave all our human standards behind. These little people have no red blood, no organs of sense, as we have, they breathe and hear through their legs, their antennae.

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The drones do not know the queen as such in the hive. Their instincts lead them to search for her in the air during her nuptial flight, and they know her only there. The drones have thirteen thousand eyes, while the workers have only six thousand. This double measure of the power of vision is evidently to make sure that the males discover the queen in her course through the air.

The guards that take their stand at the gate, the bees that become fans at the entrance to ventilate the hive, the nurses, the bees that bring the bee bread, the bees that pack it into the cells, the bees that go forth to find a home for the new swarm, the sweepers and cleaners of the hive, the workers that bring *propolis* to seal up the cracks and crevices —all act in obedience to the voiceless Spirit of the Hive.

After we have discounted Maeterlinck so far as the facts will bear us out in doing, it remains to be said that he is the philosopher of the insect world. If Fabre is the Homer, as he himself has said, Maeterlinck is the Plato of that realm. How wisely he speaks of the Insect World in his latest volume, *Mountain Paths:*

"The insect does not belong to our world. The other animals, the plants even, notwithstanding their dumb life and the great secrets which they cherish, do not seem wholly foreign to us. In spite of all, we feel a certain earthly brotherhood with them. They often surprise and amaze our intelligence, but do not utterly upset it. There is something, on the other hand, about the insect that does not belong to the habits, the ethics, the psychology of our globe. One would be inclined to say that the insect comes from another planet, more monstrous, more energetic, more insane, more atrocious, more infernal than our own. One would think that it was born of some comet that had lost its course and died demented in space."

Speaking of the intelligence of bees reminds me of a well-known woodsman and camp-fire man who recently extolled in print the intelligence of hornets, saying that they have the ability to differentiate friends from foes. "They know us and we talk to them and they are made to feel as welcome as any of our guests." "When a stranger visits the camp, they attract the attention of one they know *who recognizes their signal by thought or gesture and leaves immediately, returning only when the stranger has departed.*" (The italics are mine.) He says the same hornets

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apparently come to them year after year, greeting them on their arrival, and should they be accompanied by strangers, they treat them with the same deference as " when they visit us after we have been in camp some time."

Did one ever hear before of such well-bred and well-mannered bees? What would Maeterlinck say to all that? Its absurdity becomes apparent when we remember that hornets live but a single season, that none of them lives over the winter, save the queen, and that she never leaves the nest in summer after she has got her family of workers around her.

III

ODD OR EVEN

One of our seven wise men once said to me, " Have you observed that in the inorganic world things go by even numbers? And in the organic world by odd?" I immediately went down to the edge of a bushy and swampy meadow below our camp and brought him a four-petalled flower of galium, and a plant-stalk with four leaves in a whorl. In another locality I might have brought him dwarf cornel, or the Housotonia, or wood sorrel, or the evening primrose. Yet even numbers are certainly more suggestive of mechanics than of life, while odd numbers seem to go more with the freedom and irregularity of growing things.

One may make pretty positive assertions about non-living things. Crystals, so far as I know, are all even-sided, some are six and some eight-sided; snowflakes are of an infinite variety of pattern but the number six rules them. In the world of living things we cannot be so sure of ourselves. Life introduces something indeterminate and incommensurable. It makes use of both odd and even, though undoubtedly odd numbers generally prevail. Leaves that are in lobes usually have three or five lobes. But the stems of the mints are four square, and the cells of the honey bee are six-sided. We have five fingers and five toes, though only four limbs. Locomotion is mechanical and even numbers serve better than odd. Hence the six-legged insects. In the inorganic world things attain a stable equilibrium, but in the living world the equilibrium is never stable. Things are not stereotyped, hence the danger of dogmatizing about living things. Growing Nature will not be driven into a corner.

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Well may Emerson ask—

> Why Nature loves the number five,
> And why the star form she repeats?

The number five rules in all the largest floral families, as in the Crowfoot family, the Rose family (which embraces all our fruit trees), the Geranium family, the Flax family, the Campanula family, the Convolvulus family, the Nightshade family. Then there is a large number of flowers, the parts of which go in threes, one of the best known of which is the trillium. In animal life the star fish is the only form I recall based on the number five.

IV

WHY AND HOW

One may always expect in living nature variations and modifications. It is useless to ask "Why". Nature is silent when interrogated in this way. Ask her "How", and you get some results. If we ask, for instance, why the stinger of the honey bee is barbed, and those of the hornet and wasp and bumble bee, and of other wild bees, are smooth like a needle, so that they can sting and sting again, and live to sting another day, while the honey bee stings once at the cost of its life; or why only one species of fish can fly; or why one kind of eel has a powerful electric battery; or why the porcupine has an armor of quills while his brother rodent, the woodchuck, has only fur and hair, and so on, we make no addition to our knowledge.

But if we ask, for instance, how so timid and defenseless an animal as the rabbit manages to survive and multiply, we extend our knowledge of natural history. The rabbit prospers by reason of its wakefulness—by never closing its eyes, and by its speed; also by making its home where it can command all approaches, and so flee in any direction. Or if we ask how our ruffed grouse survives and prospers in a climate where its cousin, the quail, perishes, we learn that it eats the buds of certain trees, while the quail is a ground feeder and is often cut off by a deep fall of snow.

If we ask why the chipmunk hibernates, we get no answer; but if we ask how he does it, we find out that he stores up food in his den, hence must take a lunch between his naps. The woodchuck hibernates, also, but he stores up fuel in the shape of fat in his own body. The porcupine is

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above ground and active all winter. He survives by gnawing the bark of certain trees, probably the hemlock. We have two species of native mice that look much alike, the white-footed mouse, and the jumping, or kangaroo mouse. The white-foot is active the season through, over and under the snow; the jumper hibernates all winter, and apparently accomplishes the feat by the power he has of barely keeping the spark of life burning. Its fires are banked, so to speak; its temperature is very low, and it breathes only at long intervals.

If, then, we ask with Emerson, "*why* Nature loves the number five," and "*why* the star form she repeats," we shall be put to it for an answer. We can only say that with living things odd numbers are more likely to prevail, and with non-living, even numbers.

Some seeds have wings and some have not. To ask why, is a blind question, but if we ask *how* the wingless seeds get sown, we may add to our knowledge.

In our own practical lives, in which experimentation plays such a part, we are often compelled to ask why this result, and not that? Why this thing behaves this way, and that thing that way? We are looking for reasons or causes. The farmer asks why his planting in this field was a failure, while it was a success in the next field, and so on. An analysis of his soil or of his fertilizer and culture will give him the answer.

V

AN INSOLUBLE PROBLEM

That Darwin was a great natural philosopher and a good and wise man admits of no question, but to us, at this distance, it seems strange enough that he should have thought that he had hit upon the key to the origin of species in the slow and insensible changes which he fancied species underwent during the course of the geologic ages, and should thus have used that phrase as the title of his book. Had he called his work the Variability of Species, or the Modification of Species, it would not have been such a misnomer. Sudden mutations give us new varieties, but not new species. In fact, of the origin of species we know absolutely nothing, no more than we do about the origin of life itself.

Of the development of species we know some of the factors that play a part, as the influence of environment, the

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struggle for existence, and the competitions of life. But do we not have to assume an inherent tendency to development, an original impulse as the key to evolution? Accidental conditions and circumstances modify, but do not originate species. The fortuitous plays a part in retarding or hastening a species, and in its extinction, but not in its origin. The record of the rocks reveals to us the relation of species, and their succession in geologic time, but gives no hint of their origin.

Agassiz believed that every species of animal and plant was the result of a direct and separate act of the Creator. But the nationalist sees the creative energy imminent in matter. Does not one have to believe in something like this to account for the world as we see it? And to account for us also?—a universal mind or intelligence

> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Agassiz was too direct and literal; he referred to the Infinite Mystery in terms of our own wills and acts. When we think of a Creator, and of a thing created as two, we are in trouble at once. They are one, as fire and light are one, as soul and body are one. Darwin said he could not look upon the world as the result of chance, and yet his theory of the origin of species ushers us into a chance world. But when he said, speaking of the infinite variety of living forms about us, that they "have all been produced by laws acting around us," he spoke as a great philosopher. But these laws are not fortuitous, or the result of the blind grouping of irrational forces.

VI

A LIVE WORLD

It was "the divine Kepler," as Professor Shaler calls him, who looked upon the earth as animated in the fashion of an animal. "To him this world is so endowed with activities that it is to be accounted alive." But his critics looked upon this fancy of Kepler's as proof of a disordered mind.

Now I read in a work of George Darwin's (son of the great naturalist), on the Tides, that the earth in many ways behaves more like a living organism than like a rigid insensate sphere. Its surface throbs and palpitates and quivers and yields to pressure as only living organisms do. The

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tides can hardly be regarded as evidences of its breathing, as Kepler thought they could, but they are proof of how closely it is held in the clasp of the heavenly forces. It is like an apple on the vast siderial tree, that has mellowed and ripened with age. Our moon is no doubt as dead as matter can be. It is hard to fancy its surface yielding to our tread as does that of the earth. Then we know that the absence of air and water on it is proof that it cannot be endowed with what we call life. George Darwin tells us that when we walk on the ground we warp and bend the surface very much as we might bend or dent the epidermis of a colossal pachyderm. He and his brother devised an instrument by which the slight fluctuations of the ground, as we move over it, could be measured. The instrument was so delicate that it revealed the difference of effect produced by the same pressure at seven feet and at six feet from the instrument! More than that, the instrument revealed the throbbing and agitations which the ground is undergoing at all times. They found that minute earthquakes, or microseisms, as the Italians call them, are occurring constantly.

Another instrument has been invented called the microphone, which translates this earth's movements into sound—its tremors and agitations become audible. This microphone when placed in a cave twenty feet below the surface, and carefully protected by means of a carpet from any accidental disturbance in its immediate vicinity, revealed what is called "natural telluric phenomena; such as roarings, explosions, occurring isolated or in volleys, and metallic or bell-like sounds." "The noises sometimes become intolerably loud," especially on one occasion in the middle of the night, half an hour before a sensible earthquake."

Our apparently impassive and slumbering old planet evidently has dreams we know little of.

From Professor Shaler's *Nature and Man in America* I get an impression which again deepens my feeling of something half human about our lucky planet, at least something progressive and unequal, like life itself. Shaler finds that organic development in the northern hemisphere is more advanced by a whole geologic period, than in the southern; with Europe at the head and Australia the greatest laggard. The animal life of Australia is much like that of Europe in the Jurassic period, while both Asia and

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Africa possess forms, such as elephants, and tigers, and lions, which abounded in Europe in Tertiary times. Hence the Northern hemisphere is more like the head of the beast, and the Southern more like the viscera. The northern races easily dominate the southern. The flowering of civilization is in the north. It is very certain that man originated north of the equator. I think that one need not expect that the achievements of man in Australia, or in South America, will rival the achievements of man nearer the magnetic pole of the earth.

VII

DARWINISM AND THE WAR

That Darwinism was indirectly one of the causes of the world war seems to me quite obvious. Unwittingly the great and gentle naturalist has more to answer for than he ever dreamed of. His biological doctrine of the struggle for existence, natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, fairly intoxicated the Germans from the first. These theories fell in well with their militarism and their natural cruelty and greediness. Their philosophers took them up eagerly. Weissmann fairly made a god of natural selection, as did other German thinkers. And when they were ready for war, the Germans at once applied the law of the jungle to human affairs. The great law of evolution, the triumph of the strong, the supremacy of the fit, became the foundation of their political and national ideals. They looked for no higher proof of the divinity of this law as applied to races and nations, than the fact that the organic world had reached its present stage of development through the operation of this law. Darwin had given currency to these ideals. He had denied that there was any inherent tendency to development, that we lived in a world of chance, and that power only comes to him who exerts power—half truths, all of them.

The Germans as a people have never been born again in to the light of our higher civilization. They are morally blind and politically treacherous. Their biological condition is that of the lower orders, and the Darwinian law of progress came to them as an inspiration. Darwin's mind, in its absence of the higher vision, was a German mind. In his plodding patience, his devotion to details, and in many other ways, his mind was

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German. But in his candor, his truthfulness, his humility, his simplicity, he was anything but German. Undoubtedly his teachings bore fruit of a political and semi-political character in the Teutonic mind. The Teutons incorporated the law of the jungle in their ethical code. Had not they the same right to expansion and to the usurpation of the territory and to the treasures of their neighbors that every weed in the fields and even the vermin of the soil and the air have? If they had the sanction of natural law, that was enough; they were quite oblivious to the fact that with man's moral nature had come in a new biological law which Darwin was not called upon to reckon with, but which has tremendous authority and survival value—the law of right, justice, mercy, honor, love.

We do not look for the Golden Rule among swine and cattle, or among wolves and sharks; we look for it among men; we look for honor, for heroism, for self-sacrifice, among men. None of these things are involved in the Darwinian hypothesis. There is no such thing as right or wrong in the orders below man. These are purely human distinctions. It is not wrong for the wolf to eat the lamb, nor the lamb to eat the grass, but an aggressive war is wrong to the depths of the farthest star. Germany's assault upon the peace and prosperity of the world was a crime against the very heavens.

Darwin occupied himself only with the natural evolution of organic forms, and not with the evolution of human communities. He treated man as an animal, and fitted him into the zoological scheme. He removed him from the realm of the miraculous into the plane of the natural. For all purposes of biological discussion, man is an animal but that is not saying he is only an animal, and still under the law of animal evolution. The European man is supposed to have passed the stage of savagery, in which the only rule of right is the rule of might. To have made Darwinism an excuse for a war of aggression, is to have debased a sound natural philosophy to a selfish and ignoble end.

Germany lifted the law to the human realm and staked her all upon it, and failed. The moral sense of the world—the sense of justice, of fair play, was against her, and inevitably she went down. Her leaders were morally blind. When the rest of the world talked of moral standards, the German leaders said, "We think you are fools." But

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these standards brought England into the war—the sacredness of treaties. It brought the United States in. We saw a common enemy in Germany, an enemy of mankind. We sent millions of men to France for an ideal—for justice and fair play. To see our standards of right and justice ignored and trampled upon in this way was intolerable. The thought of the world being swayed by Prussianism was unbearable. I said to myself from the first, "The Allies have got to win—there is no alternative." And what astonishes me is that certain prominent Englishmen, such as Lord Morley, John Bright, and others, did not see it. Would they have sat still and watched Germany destroy France and plant herself upon the Channel and make ready to destroy England? The very frame-work of our moral civilization would have been destroyed. Darwin little dreamed to what his natural selection theory was to lead.

JOHN BURROUGHS

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THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF CREDIT

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE world is God's university. We are here to learn. I suppose some such principle underlies every religion in the world. Their difference lies only in the view they take of the way in which the big school was set up, the temper of the head master and the grading of the classes. But as to the fact of our learning and of our being here to learn, there is no difference whatever.

If we go to the other extreme among views of life, let us say to pure Darwinism, exactly the same thought is fundamental. We, in common with all living things, are perpetually learning, ceaselessly meeting and trying to solve new problems. In the Darwinian view, our ability to solve these problems is success and is rewarded by survival. Darwin grades the different forms of life by their structure. I conceive that it would be just as easy to grade them by the problems they have solved, since structure is simply the successful solution of a problem organized in a permanent form. But the point is, the progressive solution of problems, in other words, successful learning, is the backbone of Darwinism.

It is true that Darwin did not recognize a purpose, a thought-out curriculum in the big school. The whole thing including the presence of the pupils, had come about somehow or other, in a haphazard way, much as Topsy conceived herself to have arrived on the scene. It was probably better that Darwin should thus look with single eye at the facts, until they were clearly seen without the possible bias that a preconceived view of their purpose might have given. But one finds in the later, deeper and more philosophical thought of Bergson, if not a clear view of a purpose definitely thought out in advance, at least the conviction of a steadily progressive development, a set tendency to go

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forward. In Bergson's view, we are not so much adventurers in a static world as integral parts in a great stream of life. We must keep up with the current. We must ceaselessly exert ourselves to keep up with the current. So we get the idea of progressive lessons, of successive problems, in a new garb, yet in essence the same.

In both these views, the great teacher is Nature; for Darwin, a Nature rather static; for Bergson, a Nature dynamic, having the character of force, of spirit. And, without being in the narrow sense a disciple of either, one can easily see that, for vastly prolonged epochs, the facing of the problems of Nature, or practical natural history, if you wish, was the major subject in our world university. I wish to make the point that Money is now a subject of at least equal importance, at least equal educative value; and that the every-day commercial transactions which busy so large a part of mankind are in reality admirably devised and skilfully graded courses, teaching us, day by day, fundamental moral lessons, training into us an understanding of and obedience to great spiritual laws.

It is, if you like, a question of the parable of the talents. That parable expresses degrees of moral responsibility in terms of money entrusted to a group of men. And so inherently true was the symbolism that in all our western tongues it has converted the name of a weight of metal into the name of a spiritual power. We never think of a talent as so much silver; we think of it as a moral and intellectual force. Here is the clear recognition that money transactions, including banking and the payment of interest, may be used to illustrate the growth of virtue and spiritual power. I wish to make the point that the handling of money is one of the great means for increase in virtue and the acquisition of spiritual power; that, taking the world as a whole, this is exactly the function that money performs.

It is a profoundly interesting illustration of the continuity of things, that there is really no hard and fast line between the two big subjects of our learning, Nature and Money; just as there is at no point a hard and fast line between the alphabet and the second Soliloquy or the Phaedo or the Gospel of John. The stages of progression from Nature to Money are outlined in all the text-books, but I do not remember to have seen the completeness of the line of continuity definitely and consciously brought out.

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Practical natural history was the first great lesson: weather, seasons, beasts, birds, plants. And man made a success by taking practical advantage of the fact that animals and plants grow and multiply. He harnessed himself to this tendency of growth and came into possession of flocks and herds, and then of fields and orchards and vineyards. Land, as the means of growing vegetables, and animals, because they increase naturally, came to be recognized as "wealth;" practical natural history had been mastered thus far. And just at this point, Nature began to pass into Money.

Let me say, in passing, that there is no point, certainly no point of wealth, at which we cease to be learners from Nature. Leaving out for the moment the whole question of beauty and wisdom, of the art and science which rest on Nature, every one of us must remain in touch, let us say, with the wise laws of digestion and nutrition, with the superb integrity of gravitation. There is, in our human life, no getting beyond these.

But we were speaking of the point at which Nature begins to pass into Money. It is of high interest that some of the greatest works of all literature contain, like the fly imprisoned in Baltic amber, resin of primeval pines, the record of just this epoch of transition. Genesis and Job, the Iliad and the Upanishads are literary summits. In notable passages in each of them there are memories of the time when wealth was counted in flocks.

"I give the Master a thousand cattle!" says King Pravahana to the sage Yajnavalkya, in one of the great Upanishads. And it is written of the patriarch Jacob that "he carried away all his cattle, and all the goods which he had gotten, the cattle of his getting, which he had gotten in Padan-aram, for to go to Isaac his father, in the land of Canaan;" those same cattle, the natural increase of which supplied Shylock his descendant with a sound argument for the reasonableness of interest upon a loan. And, after all his trials heroically endured, "the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning: for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses." Finally, in the sixth book of the Iliad, there is a suggestion of the next standard of value: Glaucus exchanged his armor with Diomede son of Tydeus, "giving gold for bronze, the value

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of a hundred oxen for the value of nine oxen."

An editor has suggested that, in this Homeric passage, we are already in presence of copper ingots, stamped with the figure of an ox, the earliest *pecunia,* or money, from *pecus,* which is Latin for cattle. One is struck, by the way, with the ratio of copper to gold, only eleven to one, if we suppose the two sets of armor to have been of equal weight.

So the world entered the period of metal money, and it was said at Rome of a debtor, that he was "in another man's brass." It is true that the new form of money, being inorganic, no longer fell within the region of natural increase, like flocks and herds. But it had advantages. To begin with, one no longer needed an extensive pasture to keep one's small change in. Then metal was sufficiently limited in extent and hard to obtain; it was easily divisible into equal quantities; it was exempt from change and death. So it had advantages and disadvantages.

The text-books all make a distinction between wealth and money. But they do not always lay stress on the fundamental difference. It seems to be this: Robinson Crusoe or Alexander Selkirk did in effect amass wealth, but neither of them had any possible use for money. But when we come to the mutineers of the *Bounty,* established on Pitcairn Island, a new situation arises. They began by gathering wealth, thus establishing a certain permanency amid the flux of Nature, and getting ahead of the stream of things. For what, after all, are the chief forms of wealth? A house with its rooms makes permanent good weather; a store of food makes a perpetual harvest time; and so on. But the mutineers soon found that, besides wealth, they needed money. And they supplied their need by gathering shells on a distant beach. Shells, by the way, are still current coin in remote regions of the British Empire; one has received them in small change, the mottled, tortoise-shell colored cowries of the Indian Ocean, in rural villages of Bengal.

The point is, that one man may have wealth, but it takes two to establish money. For coins or cowries are equally "counters," designed to keep accounts straight between two persons. And the fundamental moral fact about money is that it does in fact keep accounts straight between each one of us and his neighbor.

Most of us are capable of making efforts in excess of our

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own actual needs. And, one may say in passing, into every such effort moral and mental elements enter, as well as physical. For there must be some guiding thought, some element of consciousness, in every productive effort, some perception of natural law, and calculated compliance therewith. And there must also be exertion of the will, a victory over moral sloth.

Through these efforts, with their moral, mental and bodily factors, we do in fact accumulate a surplus, which we then proceed to exchange among ourselves. And we use "counters" to count the measure of each man's effort, so that exchange may be fair and rest on equity. But what is really exchanged, is so much moral, mental and bodily energy, contributed by one, against so much moral, mental and bodily effort contributed by another.

And underneath this exchange is the implicit recognition of the equivalence of effort, and therefore the likeness of moral and mental, as well as bodily nature, between man and man; our exchange of money is the assertion, from moment to moment, of our common moral and mental nature. That exchange takes place only between human beings, and is, therefore, the assertion of our common human nature, of the fundamental moral unity which binds all human life together.

The intrinsic value of the "counters" is a mere matter of convenience, and not in the least degree a necessity. In fact, almost without noticing it, we are passing away altogether from the use of metallic "counters," just as an earlier age left behind the too cumbersome exchange of counted cattle. Take a few facts of one's own experience, to illustrate this.

When I was in India, one received one's salary and paid one's debts for the most part with silver rupees; as Treasury officer, one had charge of huge sea-chests of them, packed, by the thousand, in string net bags, and one counted them with the aid of a shovel and a big pair of scales. In London, until one came to crisp five-pound notes, everything was paid in that antique, complex coinage of gold, silver and copper. But here, in the United States, as in Continental countries, paper has, for most practical purposes, put gold out of circulation. In point of fact, I do not remember, in twenty years, that I have either received or made a payment in gold.

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But the matter has gone infinitely farther than that. For, in at least nine out of every ten transactions, one is paid and pays, not with bank notes, but with checks. Thus the matter is reduced to its really essential element: the keeping of accounts between each one of us and his neighbor. Written statements of our accounts—and checks are no more than this—and simple arithmetic suffice for the whole business. And the use of these written statements has already gone so far that exchanges to the value of a billion and a half dollars are carried through every business day of the year. But we should keep in mind the primal fact: what is really exchanged is so much moral, mental and bodily effort—distinctively human effort—and all the rest is merely the convenient way of counting. Human effort, which always contains all three elements, is what is really exchanged, what is really desired, what is really the basis of all value.

It is true that this age of ours greatly needs to realize that bodily effort is the least important, the least valuable and productive of the three; that without moral and mental effort, bodily effort is absolutely sterile. But in time we shall realize this. What I wish to bring out is, that it is already perfectly plain and obvious that "Money" is really a way of counting the moral, mental and bodily efforts which we are making, in order to bring about a fair interchange of effort between man and man; it is the all-powerful means of establishing and preserving morally honest dealing between human beings; it is, therefore, a major subject in God's university.

And in that university the courses are always graded; we are set to work, first, with simple, objective, tangible things; and, as we master these, finer and finer subject-matter is provided. Take a simple, concrete case: the way we light our houses, thus conquering Nature by using Nature, and creating perpetual daylight. In older days, pine-torches were used, and one can still see beacon grates, in which wood was burned, to furnish light. Then came oil, with seal blubber at the one end, and cocoanut or olive oil at the other. Solid and liquid were superseded by gas, and now we use electricity, a finer force, something beyond the first three states of matter. Solid, liquid, gas, electricity: an upward ascent, symbolic of the whole university course.

We saw exactly the same progression in the case of Money: from cattle to coin, from coin to bank notes, from

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bank notes to checks, by which we keep account of the value of human efforts to be exchanged among ourselves, without the aid of any material equivalent. My own work has recently familiarized me with a like progression, from the material to the immaterial and spiritual, in the field of Credit; and of this I should like to speak in some detail.

Let me begin by trying to make clear a fundamental difference between two classes of things, the values of which are counted in money, a difference which appears to me to go much deeper than that between capital and labor.

There are, first, the various forms of material wealth: houses, stored food, ores dug out of the ground, smelted metals, clothes, jewels and so on. It would be interesting to show the moral and mental, as well as the physical, effort that has gone into the making of each of these elements of wealth. But my present point is, that that effort has already gone into them. It is, if you wish, human effort in the latent form, latent energy; or one may call it static. But there is another and much more vital form of wealth: the energy stored up in the human will, the mind, the muscles, which is still to be expended. And, to a great degree, this latter form of energy gives its largest value to the former. For a house is valuable because one expects to live and work in it in the future. A farm is valuable, not so much for what it bore last harvest, but for what, through future human energy to be expended upon it, it is to bear in harvests to come. Ingots are valuable, as the material of future work. And so on, through the whole list. The element of energy still to be expended, the element of futurity and hope, is the vital thing. And this, in contra-distinction to what has been already done and reaped, one may call dynamic wealth, kinetic wealth, in contrast to what is static or latent.

When one engages a person to do a certain work, one is buying this dynamic wealth; one is buying future effort. And, it may be said once more, fruitful moral and mental power are so much more productive, so much rarer and harder to get than physical power, that their price is rightly much higher. The simple fact is that, without moral and mental force, physical force has no value whatever. No one dreams of hiring an idiot, however big his muscles may be. Mental effort is indispensable, to guide the simplest bodily effort that is to be fruitful. But moral effort, the power by which the stronger will organizes and correlates other

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wills, is the most fruitful, the most valuable of them all.

It was John Stuart Mill, I think, who, speaking of the indemnity paid by France fifty years ago, first pointed out that the greater part of the world's wealth is re-created every year. In the summer of 1871, the milliards to be paid by France still lay, for the most part, in the future; the effort to earn them was yet to be made. The moral element came first: the honest determination to pay, and to pay quickly; then came the mental quickness and accuracy of the most intelligent nation in the world; last came the physical effort. But the point is, that, in the summer of 1871, those milliards were dynamic, not static; they had the form of unexpended moral and mental and bodily efforts; they contained the element of futurity, of hope: elements purely spiritual.

It is just this distinction between static and dynamic wealth which I should like to bring out, in the field of Credit; to show that we are passing—nay, to a great degree have already passed—from the static to the dynamic element, in determining even the ordinary commercial credits, which form the great bulk of everyday transactions. And it is because this transition seems to me to have so great moral significance, that I have chosen the title: The Spiritual Significance of Credit.

We have seen that the real substance of credit is a payment to be made in the future: it is a question of a man's future action, and of our confidence that he will act in a certain way. We are buying "futures" in human effort, human intelligence, human integrity. The practical question is: How are we to estimate them? What is to be the basis of our calculation?

In the first stage, each merchant sought his own basis of calculation and formed his own judgments. But, just as the private carrying of letters was in time superseded by the general service of the post office, so the private valuation of credit inevitably made way for more concerted action. Mercantile agencies, as they were called, came into being, with the sole purpose of providing more concerted action.

In the United States, this change took place in the period of depression following the panic of 1837. Its avowed object, says one of the historians of credit, Mr. William A. Prendergast, was, to uphold, extend and render safe and profitable to all concerned, the great system of credit which

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had grown up with the increase of commerce. The first mercantile agency was established in New York, during the year 1841. Some fifteen years later, Mr. Robert Graham Dun became a member and, about the year 1860, what had originally been The Mercantile Agency came to be known as Messrs. R. G. Dun & Co.

Recording the second creative effort in the same field, our historian tells us that, in 1848, Mr. John M. Bradstreet, a lawyer in Cincinnati, had charge of a certain insolvent estate. His work in connection with it was evidently an extensive one, during which he became familiar with the standing of bankers and others, in and around Cincinnati. He was also brought into close relations with prominent New York interests, and this combination of circumstances suggested to him the advisability of making arrangements with his New York connections, to furnish them with information concerning their Western customers. He was successful in carrying out his plans and, in 1849, Bradstreet's Improved Mercantile Agency was opened. In 1876, the style was changed to The Bradstreet Company.

It would be difficult to overestimate the benefit conferred on American commerce by the constructive work of these two older agencies: to calculate, in tens, or hundreds of millions, the volume of business which they have enabled to be done during almost ninety years since the organization of credit information was begun in the United States.

I have in mind, however, a point of somewhat different character. It is this: These older agencies, as well as others which, in different countries, have traveled the same path, for the most part estimate the credit of a merchant in terms of what we have agreed to call static wealth. The merchant is rated at so many thousand or so many hundred thousand dollars, according to the capital invested in his business, real estate that he may own, the value of his merchandise. These are static values. The question is, whether it be possible to base credit, not on static, but on dynamic wealth; not on the material values which he has already accumulated but on something higher and finer: the value of the moral, mental and other efforts which are stored up in the man himself, in his character, his capacity, in his mind and will.

Not only is this possible: it has already been done. And the interesting point is, that the constructive spirits who

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made the change were probably unconscious, or only in part conscious, of what they were accomplishing, and of its far-reaching moral significance. Like so many advances, this change seems to have had its root in intuitive action, long anteceding complete comprehension.

The transformation began at Detroit, about 1878, with a body calling itself the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Exchange. At first, the idea was simply that merchants should exchange information regarding their customers, each giving to all the others the benefit of his own experience. The interchange of ledger experience, was the phrase used. The same kind of thing was tried in other cities; and, ten years later, these purely co-operative organizations were succeeded by The Mercantile Exchange, organized in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

A Canadian, Mr. Robert J. Lyle, was the father of this new experiment: new, because it combined the independence of the older mercantile agencies with the new principle of interchange of current experience among merchants. It was evidently an organic center, to which flowed, from each merchant, the record of his experience with his customers; and from which flowed, to each merchant, the essence of the experience of all the merchants with each customer. Mr. Lyle adopted a name which expressed this circulation of credit information, when he called his organization The Credit Clearing House.

The bringing of credit information in this way to a center is, of course, made possible by victories of intelligence in other fields, and primarily by better means of communication. Thus the daily acts of a million men, as they affect their credit, are brought, day by day, to a central point, to form a basis of judgment.

The clearing house idea came into existence in London, about 1760, when the London banks grew weary of sending messengers from each to all others, day by day, to settle accounts between them. There was, first, the risk of carrying so many parcels of money. Then there was, let us say, the wear of shoe leather, in these endless journeyings. So they found a convenient room, where the bank messengers met, adjusting accounts and settling balances.

But the real novelty of his undertaking was probably hidden, at least in the beginning, even from Mr. Lyle, though it is quite clear now, in the retrospect. The great

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and fundamental change was the estimation of credit according to dynamic rather than static wealth.

The older agencies had given to each merchant a rating, primarily based on the amount of capital invested in his business: that is, on material possessions. The new mercantile exchange, in the sequel called The Credit Clearing House, estimated a merchant's credit, not so much by what he had, as by what he did: not on his material possessions, but on his character, as shown by his acts; on his mental and moral qualities, as shown by the way in which he met his obligations: therefore, on purely spiritual values.

Credit is always a profession of faith; the older name, trust, sufficiently shows that. But on what is our trust to be based? On what are we to rest our confident hope of future payment?

There is, on the one hand, the accumulation of possessions which the man has already made, his static wealth. There is, on the other hand, the sum of powers in the man himself: his integrity, his energy, his good judgment, the dynamic wealth stored up in his character and his abilities. It is an antithesis between past and future.

But if we accept character, honesty of purpose, the ability to make fruitful efforts, as the finer and surer basis of credit, the question then arises: How are we rightly to estimate these delicate and often hidden things?

The answer is two thousand years old: The tree is known by its fruit. The way in which a man is likely to meet his obligations in the future should be judged, not by his possessions, nor by his repute, but by the way in which he has met his obligations in the past, and is meeting them in the present.

And even here his past acts, his past integrity, are of value not for what they record of his past, but for what they reveal as to his future. The real basis of his credit is not so much what he has already done, as what he can be trusted to do in the future: his dynamic wealth, the sum of energies and qualities stored up in him, to be progressively unfolded. It is a question, not of history, but of prophecy.

All this goes somewhat farther, perhaps, than what has yet been consciously accepted in a general sense. Much, as has been said, has without doubt been done under intuitive impulse, without a complete recognition of its ultimate significance; just as, when the first check was drawn, there

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was no clear perception that this act marked the moment of transition from money based on metal to a sheer enumeration of units of human effort, the spiritual character of which is still disguised, because they are estimated in terms of bits of metal; just as these bits of metal were at first disguised, when they were counted, not so many penny-worths, but so many cattle-worths, so much pecunia.

Yet I think the great change has really taken place. And the proof seems to be this: that, under the modern system of estimating credits, many merchants with a poor rating according to their capital, or even with no rating at all, are recommended as first-class credit risks on the basis of character, the way they meet their obligations; while others who have a high rating are, just because of some flaw of character revealed by their acts, not recommended at all. This would seem to show that, in the estimation of the degree of "trust" that should be extended to a man, we are passing from possessions to character, from material to moral and spiritual values.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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THE CASE FOR THE HUMANIST

PERCY HAZEN HOUSTON

THE historic quarrel between the humanist and the modernist has entered upon another phase in the recent contentions of "experts" in the field of education. Dr. Eliot and Mr. Abraham Flexner have undertaken an offensive campaign against the forces of tradition, while the burden of defence has rested chiefly upon the shoulders of Professor Paul Shorey. The first two of these gentlemen has succeeded in making a revolutionary attack upon the bulwarks of traditional forms and methods, with a view to sweeping away all studies that cannot endure the test of clearly demonstrable usefulness.

Professor Shorey, in reply, denies flatly that there is an antithesis between discipline and content, that Latin and algebra are necessarily badly taught, that one subject is as good as another, or that the so-called "realistic" subject is sure to be beneficial or useful when handled by the ordinary uninspired teacher.

As we view this bitter quarrel between educators, we would do well to look more closely at our own failures in the profession of teaching. We ought therefore, in all humility, to recognize that when any system is under fire, as our present system has been and still is, there must be something seriously wrong with the manner in which it functions. We ought, in a word, to admit without more argument that our colleges do not really educate, that a combination of formal teaching and an over-development of student activities has very nearly killed any genuine spirit of learning, that intellectual and spiritual standards had up to the time of our entrance into the World War pretty well collapsed. Thousands of young men and young women were each year being sent out from college halls with minds untrained to hard work,

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unable to handle ideas adequately or intelligently, and incapable of perceiving or revealing beauty. A hardened scholasticism on one side of the classroom desk, which reveals itself in a conventionalized curriculum and formal methods of instruction, and indifference and wrong conceptions of the meaning of education on the other side of the desk have been the chief causes of the failure. Too much wealth, too much athletics, too little seriousness of purpose, have been the faults of the students; but the presumption must always be that when the pupil refuses to learn, the teacher is somewhere at fault. Then may we not say that too little vitality infused into the teaching, too great absorption in special problems of research and too little genuine interest in the human problems before them, too formalized an instruction both in lecture and recitation, and too little endeavor to stimulate and arouse by skilful teaching are the faults of our college teachers?

We would then utter our *mea culpa* to our accusers, at the same time that we stand upright in valiant defense of our educational standards. And if we would preserve these standards, we need now to pass in review our whole teaching lives and really again *humanize* the whole apparatus. Before, however, we consider any constructive programme, there should be restated those general principles which the humanist holds as the necessary articles of his educational creed. They are, briefly, the establishment of a general body of doctrine (not dogmatically but liberally and generously) and a discipline which shall tend to serve as a bridge between the student's life in the immediate present and the rich storehouse of ideas and events which have accumulated during the progress of civilized life. By contact with this life and with other forms of thinking than his own, he may, if he is rightly directed, come to know the present placed against this background of the past, and so in a measure correct his views of current thought; for, we believe, society has no greater enemy than the man who has cut loose from these standards and judgments. To such we owe our quick improvement panaceas, our revolutionary ideas of whatever sort, including the educational, which are threatening our present society with destruction. We need to temper our light-hearted fondness for social experiment with a wholesome respect for the long and painful struggle the world has made toward creating values that it would

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lightly set aside for the new and the untried. In the light of old triumphs and defeats we may gain a new focus upon the disaster we are now facing, and perhaps we may discover to our immense advantage that modern notions are not so modern after all; that they have been conceived and tried in other forms by other ages, not always with results so happy for those who would make them prevail.

More important, however, than this superior social vision afforded by closing the gap between our age and others that have gone before is the enrichment of one's mind and the deepening of all one's spiritual forces through direct and intimate contact with the great men of other ages who have offered their message in their time to the world. The freedom of the company of the purest and finest spirits who have shed their light upon their time would be a liberalizing force not to be matched by any amount of systematic lecturing upon literary and historical origins. The inquiring student may at least, in the four short years of undergraduate life, be touched by a cursory companionship with minds and souls superior to his own, and he may receive encouragement to pry further into the treasury which the wise men of other times than his have generously opened to whoever will accept their gifts. Through this same service to eager youth has many a young man been set upon the road to intellectual and spiritual salvation, as can be testified to by the many teachers who have made this happy connection between minds living and dead. This is the true reward of teaching, and there can be few greater than this.

And now, as we turn to sketch the outlines of a constructive programme that shall correspond to the thoroughly considered curriculum of the realistic school, we need to take stock of whatever we possess of worth to the life of the modern student. Would our appeal to his historical reason and his artistic imagination endure a practical test beside the study lists of the school of realism?

This programme, if it would prove its superiority not only over the practical and the vocational but also over other schemes of liberal studies, must present both a discipline and a body of knowledge capable of satisfying the insistent demands of the young man or the young woman for direct help in meeting the problems of the lives they must lead in the great world after their departure from college halls.

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This help may best be afforded partly through a thoroughgoing revision of schedules in favor of a more uniform scheme of studies, and partly through a transformation of present methods of instruction by means of more vital personal contact between teacher and pupil. Both are of supreme importance if we would meet the inroads of the new educational theories, and each of them accordingly requires a brief treatment in turn.

The discipline which the traditional educator insists upon ought, if it is to have any vital force, to rest fundamentally upon ideas, and these ideas are to have a binding force upon all who submit to it. By seeking a common standard of training we shall bring our students together in common interests and a common knowledge. And this common knowledge is not far to seek. It is the history, the literature, the institutions of England, from whom we intellectually derive, and as a vital and necessary background for these studies, as thorough a survey as can be obtained of Greek and Roman culture.

With this as the heart of our training we may then trace the long struggle of man to form the institutions which, in spite of obvious and acute injustices, have somehow endured the stress of time. Let us know and strive to comprehend an epoch—Greece, Rome, Mediæval Europe, England, France, America—in all its phases; its history, its literature, its philosophy, its art, its science; and let us learn as we can how other peoples have faced the problems of national or racial life and what success was theirs in their toilsome progress toward the light.

To illustrate: After a more or less detailed survey of the art and literature of ancient Athens, the student might attempt some mastery of the ethical and political philosophy of Plato and Aristotle in its bearing both on the later history of Europe and as a corrective of some of our current political and philosophical thinking. Or, again, a study of the life and institutions of Rome—Roman character, Roman law, and Roman achievements in literature and statecraft—would lend itself wonderfully to the development of one's powers to live in ideas. So also the mind and temper and the discipline of France, of Italy, and above all of England as she has contributed to the body of our thinking.

As we pursue these studies of other times and peoples, the same question which Mr. Flexner has scornfully flung

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at us we should accept, and endeavor to offer a reasonable answer. That is: To what extent shall the study of Latin be retained in the new curriculum? Our first reply would be that it should be retained to an extent great enough to make it of value as a disciplinary force (there is none finer, and Mr. Flexner's contention that a case cannot be made out for it may be merely ignored), and as the medium for the communication of a literature rich in the qualities most needed as a proper balance for our own inchoate literature. Latin is, in fact, too deeply woven into the woof of our cultural selves to be ripped away without serious damage to the whole fabric. Greek, we would regretfully confess, has lost its hold upon modern scholastic curricula. Though facilities for its study should be afforded, because the world cannot lose its heritage from the ancient world, emphasis must necessarily be placed upon reading the great works of the Classics in the best available translations. However much of either Latin or Greek may be read during the undergradute course,—and the student should be encouraged to give as much time to the study of these tongues as he may feel inclined to put upon them,—every one who comes under our discipline should be required to read in translation the masterpieces of literature which the Classic world has bestowed upon us. Ideas cannot die, and the heritage that is ours, even though acquired through what is inevitably an inadequate medium, must not be thrown away through scholarly prejudice in favor of an impracticable thing. Superficial such a method may be, but at least it has the merit of partially humanizing every student who passes through our hands.

Where also shall science find a place in this new curriculum of ours? A very central and important place, we may say. We would accept science as a formulation and application of the laws of nature which we may employ according as our characters have received one sort of discipline or another. We must recognize, however, that science itself possesses no moral content, and that for this reason we should endeavor to heal the breach between science and philosophy which has so long been open. Science needs to be taught as a great field of human knowledge, a knowledge of whose laws is essential to the equipment of every cultivated man; but science humanized, science in its relation to the persistent effort of man to learn

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the secrets of nature and to apply them in the service of humanity, is of far greater value to us. A sense of the limitation of the purely scientific point of view would be a matter of real value to acquire.

As has been indicated above, this reform in the subject-matter of the curriculum can have little positive result without some radical change in the manner of presenting it. Not only must the deadening influence of the lecture system in its present extreme form be destroyed and the excessive emphasis upon grades and final examinations removed, but the classroom work must in nearly every respect be remade. Mind must be laid to mind, to stimulate the young men or young women to search their souls for the stuff that is in them, to know themselves, to seek definitions of fundamental terms and answers to questions that persist in knocking at the doors of their minds and will not be denied. For this reason departmental pride must be abandoned by the teaching force and a coöperation between departments obtained that may carry the inquiring student on from subject to subject, establishing the essential unity of human knowledge and bridging the gap between courses. One friend has suggested that the instruction should be, wherever possible, peripatetic. Certainly it ought ever to be dynamic and personal, creating a genuine *rapport* between teacher and pupil. This of course implies the rare teacher, and the rare teacher must be sought wherever he may be found, and paid a wage commensurate with his ability.

And so, submitting to this programme of instruction and this quality of teaching, the student arrives at the last years of undergraduate life. What is, then, left for him to choose for his very own different from the choice of his fellows? There is left a certain limited specialization preparatory to his career. Would he be a lawyer, he may acquaint himself with economics and the history of jurisprudence and international law, with some familiarity with the common law of England. For medicine, he may elect chemistry and biology and psychology. In science, in literature, in history, in mathematics, he may feel free to choose whatever will help him most in the years following, which he is to devote to professional study. Even for business, which is the chosen field of the majority of our college graduates, he may find studies in economics

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and sociology and law which should bring his mind down to practical affairs. But always the student, whatever his career, will be made at least partially humane by a few brief years' association with the finest thinking and the most beautiful expression of the great tradition of culture. Even the one who would seek to enter into the service of his fellows by a life of self-denial and personal sacrifice, ought to find inspiration in such an institution as we have just described. For it is service in every form that should be the final consummation of living under the guidance of these teachings, but a service tempered by knowledge, and emotion made true and steady by reason and the developed judgment. As leaders of men the graduates of this institution should go forth to give their wills to make the world better. And the message of this new Alma Mater to her children will be Plato's message of the State to its picked and trained leaders:

> We have brought you into the world to be rulers of men, kings of yourselves and of the other citizens, and have educated you far better and more perfectly than they have been educated, and you are better able to share in the public duty. Wherefore each of you, when his turn comes, must go out into the world and play his part in life the better for having better seen than others what is the Beautiful, the True, and the Good.

PERCY HAZEN HOUSTON.

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CONCERNING ADAM AND EVE

BY ANNA BRANSON HILLYARD

THE children were listening round-eyed to Valentina, their fourteen-year-old Mexican nurse.

"An' there was no mens at all in the worl' then; an' God he say, 'I mek me some mens to say prayers to me!' So he dig up a lot of nice, clean dirt, an' he go down to the arroyo an' get a bucket of water; an' he mix the dirt an' the water, an' he mek him some mens, jus' lak you mek mud pies. He put the mens in the oven to bek, an' the firs' one di'n get brown enough, an' that the white man; an' the secon', he bek jus' right, an' he the Mexican. But God, he forgot to tek the las' one out till he all burn' black, an' *he* the *nigger!*" She paused dramatically.

"And *then* what did God do?" asked the little boy, who wanted a complete cosmogony. But Valentina had seen me, and she was too shy to go on.

"Who told you that story, Valentina?" I asked.

"Nobody," she answered. "I jus' mek it for myself."

* * *

So, ever since there began to be human beings on the earth, boys and girls and men and women have made for themselves stories of how their species began, and why it loves and hates and suffers and dies. In these stories, grotesque and absurd though many of them are, we find the first awkward, childish stirrings of curiosity concerning the why, the whence, and the whither of the universe; curiosity which has given the world all the religion, all the philosophy, and all the scientific knowledge it has today.

In the eighth or ninth century before Christ, an unnamed Hebrew who possessed the story-telling gift of the Oriental in matchless degree, wrote out a great collection of the legends of his people, handed down by word of mouth through many generations. His skill in word-painting has

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made famous to all Jewry and Christendom, and to the Moslem world as well, the names of Noah and his sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth, upon whom God, with friendly hand, shut the door of the Ark; of Abraham and Sarah, who entertained God in their tent, and laughed at Him when He promised them a son in their old age; of Jacob, robbing Esau of his birthright, serving seven years for love of Rachel, and wrestling with a flesh-and-blood God on Peniel.

A cynic has said, "God made man in his own image, and man has done as much for God." This Hebrew scribe of wonderful genius made God a very human divinity, a man of heroic size, kindly when given his own way, angry when thwarted, merciful when his rage had spent itself. And he told, in the first scroll of his collection, the most famous story of the creation of man by an anthropomorphic God, and of that man's disobedience and fall, that the human imagination has ever conceived—the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, which was copied into the second and third chapters of Genesis by the Hebrew prophets of the fifth century B. C., when they compiled that religious history of their people which Christians call the Old Testament.

It is worth one's while to reread that story, familiar though its main points may be, and then to read it again, more carefully; for until Charles Darwin in 1859 forced the thinking world to consider his theory of evolution, two-thirds of mankind accepted it as a divinely inspired account of the origin of man, in spite of the fact that it contradicted the account given in the first chapter of Genesis. The reason of the contradiction has been brought to light by the investigations of Biblical scholars during the past sixty years; it is that the compiler of Genesis was piecing together two documents, one of them the record of the brilliant story-teller, the other written by an austere priest a century later. The priest, learned in Babylonian philosophy, and touched with the vision of a God who is Spirit, wrote the grave and sublime account of creation that is contained in the first chapter; to it the compiler, seduced by the charm of the story-teller, added, unconscious of its incongruity, the naïve tale of Adam and Eve and their anthropomorphic God.

That tale must have been evolved, as all folk lore is

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evolved, from the first childish efforts of a primitive people to explain the mystery of life and death. Man exists; when he dies, his body turns to dust; therefore a being greater than he must have made him out of earth in the beginning. That being, lord of heaven and earth, men call God. A man and a woman are mysteriously and passionately drawn to one another, with longing that is satisfied only when they become one flesh; that must be because the two of them once were one body, and the woman, being the smaller and weaker, must have been made from the flesh and bone of the man. Man toils and sins, suffers and dies; surely a good God could not have planned this: a man must have disobeyed God, and deserved punishment. Woman is subject to man, and bears his children in agony; was her sin then greater than his?

The tradition of a first man made of clay and given life by the breath of God is found in folk lore all over the world; and the belief in the making of woman from man's rib is widely spread in Polynesia. The Lengua Indians of Paraguay say that man and woman were joined together at first, but they found their joint existence so awkward that they asked their creator to separate them. When he granted their request, he gave them the power to propagate their species. There is a similar Persian legend; and Plato, in his *Symposium,* gives a fantastic account of an original man-woman, with two heads, four arms and four legs, whom Jove cleft down the middle, making two sexes.

Philo, a great Jewish theologian of the time of Christ, embodied this idea of Plato's in his commentaries on Genesis. Eve, he said, represents the sensuous or perceptive half of man's nature; Adam, the reasoning half; and the serpent symbolizes sensual pleasure, which is the source of all sin. The serpent does not dare attack Adam directly, but approaches him through Eve, for it is sense which yields to the lure of pleasure, and in its turn takes captive reason, and destroys its immortal virtue. Origen and Clement conveyed this interpretation into Christian theology, although they were conscious that it did not dovetail at all neatly with the doctrine of the excellence of the married state. The question raised by Augustine as to whether Eve's soul was derived from Adam, or was directly infused by God when he made her from Adam's rib, was at the heart of one of the great controversies in the early church.

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The second part of the Hebrew story, the account of the Fall, shows signs of being a composite of two earlier tales. Sir James George Frazer, who knows more folk lore than any other man, living or dead, thinks he can trace in it two famous and widespread stories, the Story of the Perverted Message, and the Story of the Cast Skin. The former is told among native tribes all over Africa, and its purport invariably is that God sent a messenger to tell man that he was not to die; if he seemed to die, it would only be for three days, just as the moon seemed to die for three days, and after that time he would come to life again. But the messenger, in some of the stories stupidly, in others with malice prepense, told man instead that he would surely die, just as the moon dies. Man believed the messenger, and therefore he dies. A number of the stories say that two messengers were sent, one to tell man that he would live forever, the other to tell him that he would die; and the messenger of good tidings was slow of foot, so that the word of death came to man first, and he refused to believe the word of life when it came.

The Story of the Cast Skin is found frequently in Africa and in the Pacific Islands. It is based on the belief that snakes have immortal youth at the cost of shedding their old skins yearly. Men and women used to have this privilege, too; but there was once an old woman who had an infant grandchild, and when she came back to him young and beautiful, after bathing in the river and shedding her old skin, he cried and would not let her touch him. So she went back to the river and fished out her old skin, which had caught on a root, and put it on again. Ever since then mankind has lost the power of renewing its youth.

Some of the African and Melanesian tribes combine the two stories. For instance, one version is that the Good Spirit, loving men, wanted to make them live forever. So he said to his brother, " Go to men and take them the secret of immortality. Tell them to cast their skins every year. So will they be protected from death, for their life will be constantly renewed." But his brother gave the message of hope to the serpents, and commanded men to die. Since then all men have been mortal, and all serpents immortal.

If Sir James Frazer is right, the original version of

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the Hebrew story of the Fall was that God sent the serpent with a message to Adam and Eve, urging them to eat of the Tree of Life and live forever, but not to touch the Tree of Death, "for in the moment that ye eat thereof ye shall surely die." (The idea of a fruit that will produce immortality, and the personification of both wisdom and evil by the serpent, are found in many countries.) But the serpent, "who was more subtile than any beast of the field", decided that he would eat of the Tree of Life himself, and to dispense with rivals, he went to Eve and said:

"Eat not of the Tree of Life, but eat of the Tree of Death, and live forever."

So Eve ate of the Tree of Death, and gave Adam of its fruit; whereupon they and all men became mortal. But the wily serpent ate of the Tree of Life, and he and his kind became immortal.

If that was the original version, all the more honour to the nameless Hebrew scribe for changing it into its present form!

The Semitic imagination which created the tragedy of the Garden of Eden was not content to let its exquisite simplicity go unadorned. Adam's head, according to Rabbinical lore, was made of earth (*Adamah* is the Hebrew word for earth) from the Holy Land, his trunk of earth from Babylonia, while his limbs were modeled of soil brought from more distant lands. He was as glorious as an angel to look upon, his body stretched from earth to heaven, and his skin was like a bright garment; but when he sinned his stature was diminished, and his skin shone no more. His first wife was Lilith, who flew away from him and became a demon. Lilith kills all children sinfully begotten, even of a lawful wife; she seduces unmarried men, and bears them demon children. On his right side Adam had thirteen ribs instead of twelve, and out of that extra rib and of flesh from his heart, Eve was made.

It is from the Rabbahs that Milton gets the idea that Eve urged Adam to eat of the fruit of death because she was jealous of a possible successor.

A Rabbi of the Christian Church, St. Augustine, is responsible for the complementary Miltonic theory that Adam ate the fruit because he loved Eve too dearly not to share her fate:

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"If death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life.
Our state cannot be severed: we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself."

Mark Twain's Adam, after several hundred years of matrimony, was still satisfied with his choice of Eve. "It is better," he said, "to live outside the garden with her than inside of it without her."

The doctrine of Original Sin, which has laid on Adam the burden of all the sin and death in the world, is the creation of Paul. Curiously enough, there is not a single explicit reference in either the Old Testament (exclusive of Genesis 3) or the New to the story of the Fall, outside of the Pauline Epistles. In commenting upon Adam's sin, the Jewish Haggadists emphasize the efficacy of repentance; and against Paul's "For as in Adam all die," they protest, "No man dies without a sin of his own," quoting Ezekiel, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked upon him."

No other doctors disagree so emphatically as doctors of divinity. Perhaps the best way to take the story of Adam and Eve is to take it as a story; to read human nature into it as you will, but not to be dogmatically sure of the divine nature it reveals, since its God walks in the garden in the cool of the day, flies into a passion at disobedience, curses bitterly his comparatively innocent creations, and then, repenting of his fury, makes them garments of skin to replace their lost glory of innocence. It needs only that final touch of the armed guards stationed at the gate of Paradise, keeping poor mortals, hungry for immortality, from the Tree of Life, to establish the presumption that the God of the Garden of Eden is a god made in the image of man.

ANNA BRANSON HILLYARD.

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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH GOVERNMENT?

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND

II.

IN my preceding article I presented to the reader some considerations in regard to the almost universal prevalence of discontent with the state of Government. I took up the special case of Government in the United States, and, for the purpose of drawing a distinction between rhapsodism and realism in Government, I instituted a series of comparisons between what goes on aboard a ship of commerce and on board the Ship of State.

Accepting the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence and the Preamble to the Constitution as the equivalent of a commercial ship's charter, I showed that the Ship of State had but the vaguest instructions as to what its port of destination was; that Liberty, Happiness, Justice, and Equality are susceptible of such an infinite variety of Interpretation that, in the absence of very specific instructions, the captain of the Ship of State would be at a loss to set the course for his vessel.

Where are these instructions to be found? If they are to be found anywhere it must be in the Articles and Amendments of the Constitution. That is where I now propose to look for them.

I may preface my search by recalling to the reader's attention that it is the mate of the Ship of Commerce who must keep in contact with the realities of the weather, must note the falling barometer, the threatening clouds. If the captain sets the course, it is the mate who must see that the man at the wheel keeps the ship's head on that course, must so trim his yards that the course can be made, and must maintain the working routine upon which the safe naviga-

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tion of the ship, and the order and comfort of the crew depend.

Aboard the Ship of State the functions of the captain are performed by the Supreme Court, and those of the mate are performed by the complicated machinery set up under the Constitution, and by the officials appointed or elected to keep it in motion. To these officials—executive, judicial, and legislative—are assigned the duty of seeing that the machinery is employed only for purposes which are constitutional, and is operated only by methods which are constitutional. The constitutionality of purpose and of method is determined by the majority opinion of the Supreme Court, which, at the time I write, is composed of nine judges.

It is upon what is stated in the Articles and Amendments of the Constitution that these judges are to decide, when any specific matter is brought before them, whether any law duly enacted in the United States, whether it be Federal, State, or Municipal, may stand, or must fall, and whether any act done or suffered by any citizen of the United States, or by any other person therein residing, is done or suffered in violation of the constitutional rights of the parties.

For our present purpose it is not necessary to enter upon a minute examination of the Constitution. It will suffice if some of its general characteristics are considered, and one or two specific points discussed.

The first general characteristic of the Constitution which impresses itself upon the notice of the observer is the immense amount of interpretation which has been needed to clarify its meaning. Dr. Hannis Taylor, in his monumental work on *The Origin and Growth of the American Constitution,* quotes no less than thirty-one cases in which the meaning of the Preamble has been the subject of legal disputes. To the lay mind no part of the Constitution appears to be more explicit, or more clearly phrased, than the first paragraph of Section X of Article I, which reads:

> No State shall enter into any Treaty, Alliance, or Confederation; grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal; coin Money, emit Bills of Credit; make any Thing but gold and silver Coin a Tender in Payment of Debts; pass any Bill of Attainder, ex post facto Law, or Law impairing the Obligation of Contracts, or grant any Title of Nobility;

but Dr. Taylor quotes more than two hundred and fifty

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cases in which the meaning of this single paragraph has been the subject of legal dispute.

The Constitution of the United States, from the first word of the Preamble to the last word of the Eighteenth Amendment, could be printed in clear type within the compass of twenty pages of an ordinary volume; it would require more than twenty-thousand pages of the same size to take the record of the decisions of the United States Supreme Court, in which the meaning of the Constitution is construed.

Another striking characteristic of the Constitution is that the power of the Supreme Court to declare any law unconstitutional carries with it the power to determine the general policy of the nation in matters of the utmost importance and of the most far-reaching consequences.

Those who remember the heated controversy which, twenty years ago, raged around the question of whether the United States could constitutionally retain sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico without making them either States or Territories of the Union, will remember that the issue was decided in the affirmative by a five to four decision of the Supreme Court, in a case having to do with the levying of duty on goods imported into the United States from the Islands.

It is clear that if the decision had been in the negative the alternative presented to the nation would have been between giving up the Islands and incorporating them in the political system of the United States. It is well within the range of possibility that, faced with such a choice, public sentiment would have demanded that the Islands be given up. So, this grave question of whether the United States should retain in its purity the doctrine of government of the people, for the people, by the people, or should dilute it with the principle of imperialism, was settled, once for all, by the opinion of one judge, that is to say, by the opinion of one person out of a population of eighty millions, and that person not elected by the people or by any group of them, but appointed by an executive officer of the government. It would be difficult to find in history—outside the annals of despotism—any instance in which a decision so momentous has been left to the infallibility of the odd man.

No matter dealt with by the Constitution is of more vital concern to the nation than that referred to in the first sixteen

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words of Section IV of Article IV, which reads: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government . . ."

Nothing stands out with greater clearness from a study of the present condition of Government in the United States than the fact that the States of this Union are not governed under a Republican form, but under a Democratic form which is constantly moulding itself more closely to the shape of the thoroughly discredited and deliberately discarded direct Democracy of the ancient Greeks.

The fundamental differences between a Republican and a Democratic form of Government have been obscured chiefly by the general employment, by political writers and orators, of the words "Republican" and "Democratic" in this connection as though they were synonymous.

The United States are still, ostensibly at least, a Republic; but the American people, we have been assured, entered the War to make the world safe for Democracy—not for Republicanism. If this statement really represented the fact of the case the future would hold in store for us a grievous disappointment: the world *can* be made safe for Republicanism; it *cannot* be made safe for Democracy.

There lies, of course, around this point a very inviting field of definitional dialectic. I resist the temptation to enter it, because Government has already been more than sufficiently bedevilled by dialectics. I will, instead, draw the distinction between Republicanism and Democracy in such terms as will best serve to exhibit the profound and irreconcilable differences which exist between them as systems of Government.

The distinguishing feature of *Republicanism* is that legislators shall be representatives; the distinguishing feature of *Democracy* is that legislators shall be delegates.

A legislative *representative* is a man whose duty it is to devote his own knowledge, his own abilities, his own judgment to the conduct of public affairs; a *delegate* is a man sent to the capitol by the majority of the voters to register their will.

In voting for or against a measure, a *representative* is guided by his own opinion, reached after legislative debate; a *delegate* is guided by the opinions of other people, reached before legislative debate.

Assuming equal knowledge and intelligence in each, a

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representative best discharges his duties by being independent; a *delegate* by being subservient.

Legislation passed by *representatives* is an expression of judgment; legislation passed by *delegates* is an expression of will.

The issue really centers around two points—election pledges made in advance in respect of pending measures, and the pressure exerted, after election, upon the candidate whose promises have secured him a majority at the polls.

Concerning these points, Lord Macaulay wrote as follows, in 1832, on the eve of an election in which he was one of the candidates for Leeds:

> The practice of begging for votes is, as it seems to me, absurd, pernicious, and altogether at variance with the true principles of representative government. To request an honest man to vote according to his conscience is superfluous. To request him to vote against his conscience is an insult. I trust that the great and intelligent body of people who have obtained the elective franchise will see that seats in the House of Commons ought not to be given, like rooms in an almshouse, to urgency of solicitation; and that a man who surrenders his vote to caresses and supplications forgets his duty as much as if he sold it for a bank-note. I hope to see the day when an Englishman will think it as great an affront to be courted and fawned upon in his capacity of elector as in his capacity of juryman. My conduct is before the electors of Leeds. My opinions shall on all occasions be stated to them with perfect frankness. If they approve that conduct, if they concur in those opinions, they ought, not for my sake, but for their own, to choose me as their member. To be so chosen, I should indeed consider as a high and enviable honour; but I should think it no honour to be returned to Parliament by persons who, thinking me destitute of the requisite qualifications, had yet been wrought upon by cajolery and importunity to poll for me in spite of their better judgment.
>
> I wish to add a few words touching a question which has lately been much canvassed; I mean the question of pledges. In this letter, and in every letter which I have written to my friends at Leeds, I have plainly stated my *opinions*. But I think it, at this conjuncture, my duty to declare that I will give *no pledges*. I will not bind myself to make or to support any particular motion. I will state as shortly as I can some of the reasons which have induced me to form this determination. The great beauty of the representative system is, that it unites the advantages of popular control with the advantages arising from a division of labour. Just as a physician understands medicine better than an ordinary man, just as a shoemaker makes shoes better than an ordinary man, so a person whose life is passed in transacting affairs of State becomes a better statesman than an ordinary man.
>
> In politics, as well as every other department of life, the public

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ought to have the means of checking those who serve it. If a man finds that he derives no benefit from the prescription of his physician, he calls in another. If his shoes do not fit him he changes his shoemaker. But when he has called in a physician of whom he hears a good report, and whose general practice he believes to be judicious, it would be absurd in him to tie down that physician to order particular pills and particular draughts. While he continues to be the customer of a shoemaker, it would be absurd in him to sit by and mete every motion of that shoemaker's hand. And in the same manner, it would, I think, be absurd in him to require positive pledges, and to exact daily and hourly obedience, from his representative.

All this will seem very naïve to a generation which accepts rear-platform oratory by political candidates, the unabashed intrigue of paid and registered lobbyists, and the massed attack on legislators by night-letter. Macaulay's words, however, present in the most concise phraseology the principles upon which alone representative government can be operated successfully, if it is assumed that its chief concern is the prudent, honest, and efficient administration of public affairs.

The question of whether or not the founders of this nation intended to set up a Republican, as opposed to a Democratic, form of Government, was discussed with force and eloquence in a public address delivered in 1911 by the Hon. Emmet O'Neal, Governor of Alabama. He said, in part:

. . . . there must be a lawmaking body composed either of the people themselves, acting directly in their organic capacity or through chosen representatives. Fully recognizing that fact, the wise men who framed the Constitution of the United States, after mature reflection, thorough investigation, and debate, unanimously discarded the system of direct legislation and established a representative Republic as contradistinguished from a social or pure democracy. The warning lessons of history had taught them that the so-called republics of ancient and modern times, through the absence of the representative principle, had ever been found, as Madison declared, 'spectacles of turbulence and contention, incompatible with personal security or the rights of property.' They agreed with the sentiment voiced by Wilson when he declared that the doctrine of representation in government, which was altogether unknown to the ancients, was essential to every system that can possess the qualities of freedom, wisdom, and energy. They had renounced the divine right of kings, but were unwilling to establish the divine right of majorities. Direct action by the people they deprecated.

Governor O'Neal had in mind, it is true, the threat held over the system of representative government by the agitation in favor of the initiative and the referendum; but I

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cannot think, that if they were drafted for service in American politics, they would do more than give definite form and constitutional sanction to that system of " direct " legislation which has already been developed in the country through the pressure of organized opinion—and usually of organized minority opinion—upon the independence of legislators.

Finally, as to the Federal Constitution, my readers will not be unaware that a considerable literature has grown up around the difference between constitutional theory and actual practice in regard to the matters covered by Section I of Article II—the College of Electors, and the inability of the President to discharge his duties; by the First Amendment—freedom of speech and of the press, and the right of peaceable assembly; by the Fourth Amendment—security against search and seizure, except on warrant based upon probable cause and supported by oath; by Section II of the Fourteenth Amendment—the number of representatives in Congress to be apportioned according to the number of persons in each State *actually allowed to vote;* and by the Fifteenth Amendment—the right of citizens to vote is not to be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

I wish to emphasize the fact that in what I have said about the Constitution there is no suggestion that it does not hold up to the whole world the mirror of noble political ideals. What I have attempted to show is that, regarded as a document in which are embodied the sailing-directions of the Ship of State, it lacks perfection in the measure that it lacks clearness; that of two interpretations of its meaning, as opposite as the poles, one or the other may be set up as a rule absolute in regard to national policy by the opinion of a single judge; and that in respect of some matters about which it is most perspicuous, its directions are not being followed with scrupulous fidelity.

Let me now take up the view of those who laud the wisdom which guided the framers of the Constitution away from the pitfall of attempting to bind posterity with the chains of an inflexible political formalism. This view is, in effect, that the Constitution lays down the rules governing the grand strategy of political navigation, and that the tactics, as being affected by conditions of time and locality—by the political weather, as it were—are left to the decision

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of Congress and to that of various State Legislatures.

It is obvious, to pursue our analogy of the Ship, that no exercise of strategic genius on the part of the captain will bring the ship to port if the sailing tactics are so poor that the vessel is flung upon a lee shore, stranded in shoal water, or capsized in a squall; that matters of crowding on sail in order to make speed in a fair wind, of furling sail in order to take speed off the ship in foggy weather, of heaving the ship to in a violent gale, of taking frequent soundings when approaching a sand-encumbered estuary, are vital to a seamanlike handling of the vessel.

On the sea of politics these tasks are committed to legislatures. It is the duty of a legislator, then, to see that the Ship of State is not flung on the lee shore of incompetent and extravagant administration, or stranded on the shoals of party faction, or capsized in the squalls of civic disorder; that laws urgently necessary to meet clear and immediate needs are quickly enacted, that laws concerning which there exists wide diversity of judgment amongst those capable of judging should be passed only after careful and unprejudiced enquiry and anxious deliberation.

I will not insult the reader's intelligence by adducing particular instances to show that the processes of American legislation lack the qualities I have indicated; any attentive reader of the daily press could easily compile a bulky volume made up of nothing but such instances.

It is sufficient to state, what is a matter of common knowledge, that every year hundreds of laws are passed by Congress and by the State Legislatures without adequate debate; that much proposed legislation is defeated through factious obstruction; that legislators vie with each other in their efforts to purchase popularity with the majority of the voters by squandering the public moneys chiefly supplied by the minority; that investigation of the evils which inevitably flow from bad legislation is offered to the people as a substitute for that good legislation which, had it been enacted, would have prevented or greatly mitigated the evils to be enquired into, and that many of these investigations are notoriously insincere and inefficient.

The least discreditable means employed by legislators to retain their offices is so to choke the legislative machine with new measures that few of them can be properly scrutinized before they are made law or are rejected. It has

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been authoritatively stated that during the nine months ending in September, 1916, more than 24,000 bills were introduced into Congress; and recent press reports tell us that at the end of the recent session of the New York State Legislature more than a thousand bills were sent to Governor Smith for signature or veto. The strategic advantage which legislators enjoy as a result of this scandalous parody of law-making is that they can always prove to the satisfaction of their voters that they were active in introducing measures designed to give effect to their pre-election promises, that the partisan vote of the opposition defeated these wise and salutary proposals, and that the lesson the voter should learn from these circumstances is to extend to the efforts of his member that firm confidence and enthusiastic support which will enable him, at the next session, to turn defeat into victory.

It is this kind of thing which clogs the legislative machine with bills which their sponsors know will be thrown out by a committee, or defeated on the floor, or vetoed by the President or the Governor, as the case may be.

To conclude my analogy of the Ships: though the Ship of Commerce be staunchly built, well furnished with gear and instruments, amply supplied with good charts and with minute sailing-directions, bad seamanship can wreck her; though the Ship of State be constructed after the most approved model, though it be equipped with the most perfect mechanical devices, though its sailing-directions include every moral precept, every ethical principle, every practical maxim to be found in the lexicon of good intentions, it can be wrecked by the ignorance, by the folly, or by the corruption of its officers and its crew.

The quality of government, then, depends finally upon the human equation. A trite conclusion! But it is precisely because he recognizes the triteness of this conclusion that the student of government is amazed by the conditions he observes around him.

If our major premise is that wise, honest, and efficient government can only proceed from the wisdom, the honesty, and the efficiency of the people, then, our present methods of training citizens and of conducting government are the embodiment of unreason. They can be made to assume the aspect of reason only if our major premise is that a government resting upon universal suffrage can exhibit qualities

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entirely different from those which belong to the people who make the government what it is.

No intelligent man or woman will deliberately accept the latter premise; and yet our whole procedure in education and in government can be explained only on the assumption that most people hug the delusion that from a public which is politically uninstructed and unintelligent you can get an administration of public affairs that will yield those results which depend entirely upon knowledge and understanding.

ALLEYNE IRELAND.

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THE DEPLETED FORESTS OF FRANCE

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

COMPETENT critics affirm that the forests of France played in the World War a rôle as important as her artillery. Had it not been for the defensive screen that they afforded during the early invasion, the French army, inferior in numbers, could not have repulsed the enemy at the Marne. In the east, the timber belt, stretching as a buffer-mask from Belfort to Verdun, aided in saving Lunéville, Nancy, and Toul. Farther to the northwest, the forests of Argonne and Ardennes formed a barrier equal to several army corps. Scarcely less valuable, during the initial clashes, were the wooded hills that extended from east of Verdun toward the coast, protecting the frontier bastions of Longwy, Montmédy, Sedan, Mézières, Maubeuge, and Mons. Better still, when Von Kluck, impatient to dine in Paris, sought by a bold stroke to cut off the capital from the bulk of the French army, it was the forests of Villers-Cotterets and Compiègne that enabled General Maunoury to beat him back by an unexpected assault upon his flank. In the crucial days of July, 1918, these woods served a similar purpose, making it possible for Marshal Foch to execute his brilliant strategic manoeuvres. Hence, J. Demorlaine, writing in the *Revue des Eaux et Forêts,* concludes that it was the French forests from the Vosges to the sea that frequently rendered harmless the enemy's offensive. Of the same opinion is Professor J. W. Toumey, who in *American Forestry* declares that, had the French possessed no forests at the outbreak of the war, their country would today be laid waste. Two thousand years ago, Cicero proclaimed the military value of forests.

Industrially, also, the woods of France proved indispensable during the war. At first timber was imported, but by 1916, the British Army found that it must rely upon procuring its supplies from the Continent. Moreover, when

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the United States entered the conflict, the demand for wood products so increased that France was obliged to open her forests to the Allies.

Ere long, native lumbermen were augmented by Canadian forestry companies transferred from England, and then by American and Canadian loggers and millmen. This force, huge as it was, had to be increased as the war demanded more and more wood for ship-building, docks, barracks, trenches, crossties, bridges, telegraph poles, aeroplanes, and fuel. Month after month, accordingly, the felling gained momentum, sacrificing the best of the highly-developed French forests. In the Vosges and Burgundy, in Sologne and Auvergne, in the Alps and the Pyrenees, and especially in the *landes* of Gascony, the fine timber growths —husbandings of half a century—were drawn upon. At the same time, thousands of acres of wooded tracts in the war zone were being blown into splinters by shellfire. Other thousands in the territory occupied by the enemy were either felled for use or given over to systematic destruction.

The total loss to France through the war aggregates twenty-five billion feet of saw timber, to say nothing of the millions of cords of firewood consumed. Ordinarily this loss might be repaired by the growths of twelve or fifteen years; but, owing to the diminution of a third in the forest yield as a result of excessive felling and the destruction of young trees, no such recuperation will be possible. Moreover, the need for restoring the devastated departments will for a period increase tenfold the annual pre-war requirements. Even in normal times the French imported more than half of their industrial lumber. Thus the greatest magician in fable could not with his wand conjure up on the home territory of France enough saw timber for her requirements. Since to continue cutting trees before their maturity would but aggravate the difficulty, another solution must be found. The treaty of Versailles, it is true, requires Germany to furnish to France considerable lumber by way of indemnity, but this source of supply is uncertain. Nor can the vast Russian forests be depended upon at present. France could purchase lumber in America and Scandinavia, were it not for the prohibitive rate of exchange. As a temporary measure while increasing home production, she will be obliged to turn to her colonies. A dual programme of this sort was recently presented in the *Revue de*

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Paris by Paul Descombes, who declares that France must double permanently her national forest production, and also obtain elsewhere ten million cubic meters of lumber annually.

To double native production, M. Descombes thinks that, besides replanting and restoring, France should increase by at least ten million acres her former timber area. This comprised twenty-three million acres, or eighteen per cent of the country, not including Alsace and Lorraine,—additions which now make a total of 23,450,000 acres owned by the State, the communes, and individuals in the proportion of twelve, twenty, and sixty-eight per cent respectively. The suggested increase of ten million acres would insure to the country twenty-six per cent of forest.

For regenerating French forests, nothing better has been suggested than the plans submitted in 1910 by the official Commission for Inundations. This programme called for: (1) the reforestation of ten million acres at eighty francs per acre (800,000,000 francs); (2) twenty annuities of a million francs as an encouragement to forest culture (20,000,000 francs); (3) purchases and improvements by the State (480,000,000 francs); (4) completion of the work of reforestation already undertaken by the State in mountainous "perimeters" (115,000,000 francs); (5) intensive culture of existing forest "perimeters" (300,000,000 francs); and (6) checking erosion in the mountains (15,000,000 francs). Thus, if France were to plant rapid-growing coniferous species, she could in twenty years, at a total estimated cost of 1,700,000,000 francs, so extend and improve her forests as to become self-supporting at the end of three-quarters of a century. This would require each department to afforest annually less than a fourth as many acres as did the participating departments in the *landes* of Gascony under the Second Empire. It is true that, owing to the increased cost of labor, the total expenditure would probably exceed by at least a third the estimates of 1910; but lumber purchased in foreign countries would also cost as much more henceforth. Even supposing the work of reforestation to require two billion francs, the country should not hesitate.

The construction of French railways cost more than eight times as much. Moreover, had the problem of reforestation been solved seventy years ago, the

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seven billion paid for foreign lumber since 1850 would have been saved.

It is clear that France for the present should seek lumber in her colonies, which possess admirable forest resources awaiting exploitation. Certain of these possessions, especially Indo-China, Guiana, Madagascar, the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, and the French Congo, besides furnishing such products as rubber, cocoanuts, palm-oil, gum, tan-bark, and corkwood, are rich in timber. Investigations made shortly before the outbreak of hostilities and during the war revealed the fact that approximately two-thirds of colonial saw timber could be substituted for the kinds of lumber hitherto imported by France. The colonies excel in the production of ebony, cabinet woods, and mahogany. To be sure, capital and labor will be scarce; but with a progressive reduction in freight rates, and the extension of partial manufacture in the region of supply, the French can allow to their home forests time for recuperation. If, by advancing the necessary funds, the State develops the colonial forest service, handsome returns to French industry and commerce will follow.

Although, as already noted, the strategic and industrial value of forests amply justifies their culture, yet, even apart from these national considerations, reforestation is important. It will prove an excellent investment for the individual. This view is taken by L. Breton-Bonnard in his illuminating book, *Reboisement par les Résineux.* Here the author writes: "Reforestation, though relatively inexpensive, is exceedingly remunerative—an investment demanding but one original expenditure. It is an operation, however, of long duration, requiring careful adaptation of the species to soil, climate, and altitude."

Experience has shown that resinous trees: the pine, the fir, the spruce, and the larch, are most profitable, since they need little or no cultivation, grow rapidly even on poor soil, and never fail. It is with them that France should afforest her dry wastes, sand dunes, and mountains. Such trees further prepare the soil in which they grow for the leafy species as well.

M. Breton-Bonnard's conception of the utility and beneficence of reforestation may be summed up thus:

> We must make our sterile lands yield as quickly as possible millions for old-age pensions and the stimulation of industry. To take rough,

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arid tracts and convert their poverty into vigorous life, . . . is to perform an economic and social work that will increase the private and national wealth of France. To do this means furnishing later to the State unexpected revenues of various sorts, diminishing from year to year our importations of wood. To do this means augmenting our exportations of wood and at the same time supplying our railroads and merchant marine with freight. The proper extension of our forests will insure supplies for our numerous wood-working industries, and will render our rural districts healthier, more agreeable, more productive, and more populous.

Already the French have demonstrated that this eulogy of forest culture is far from utopian. Afforestation of the dunes and *landes* of Gascony affords an instance of the value of such efforts. The *landes* are a triangular-shaped region, situated on the southwest coast of France, between the Gironde and Adour rivers, a hundred and twenty miles in length, seventy at most in width, and comprising nearly five million acres, or one-fourth of the pre-war forest area of France. Formerly the sand dunes next to the Atlantic, owing to their unstable character, so endangered the adjoining marshlands to the east that by 1786 more than a million acres of the latter had been abandoned. In that year, however, an engineer, Nicolas Brémontier, obtained a small subsidy for the reforestation of the dunes. The experiment was carried out with maritime pines, and, proving a success, was applied with even better results by Chambrelent to the marshlands. The swamps and their attendant fevers gradually disappeared, thanks to drainage and to the marvellous powers of absorption of the resinous trees, some of which annually imbibe and exhale into the atmosphere as much as four hundred times their weight. Accordingly, in 1857, a law was enacted providing for completion of the enterprise. Even before 1914 this forest of maritime pines, which had cost no more than fifty million francs, was yielding timber of that value each season. From this region there is shipped to Great Britain alone more than eight hundred thousand tons of pit props every year, to say nothing of large quantities of resin and turpentine. Until 1914, an annual average of six hundred shiploads of forest products left the ports of Bordeaux and Arcachon for Germany, Italy, Russia, and other countries. Accordingly, a majority of the inhabitants of the departments of Landes and Gironde find remunerative employment in the exploitation of regions once barren.

Similar results on a smaller scale have been attained in

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the marsh lands of Sologne, lying south of Orleans, between the valleys of the Loire and Cher. This region, once densely wooded, as we know from the *Gargantua* of Rabelais, had been deforested, principally in the eighteenth century, and had become a miasmic, useless waste. Happily, however, toward the middle of the last century, a committee of influential citizens, aided by the State, undertook the work of reclamation. After constructing twenty-five miles of canal, and three hundred and fifty miles of road, the committee proceeded to plant with maritime and Scotch pine some 200,000 acres. "A setback," says Professor Fernow in his *History of Forestry,* "occurred in 1879, frost killing many of the younger maritime plantations. This led, in future plantings, to a substitution of the hardier Scotch pine." Here again, as in the *landes,* the achievements have been highly gratifying, the waste tracts, originally valued at four dollars per acre, yielding that much each year after half a century.

Similarly gratifying has proved the reforestation of the arid limestone wastes in the province of Champagne, to the south of Rheims. The 250,000 acres which were reclaimed here from 1830 to 1914 again attest that forests will bring to the poorest of land lasting prosperity. Unfortunately the wooded tracts of this region suffered terribly from the war and will for years need careful culture.

In the mountainous regions, also, the work of reclamation and "pacification" must go on incessantly. Of European countries, France contains proportionately the largest area exposed to torrential action. Her dangerous mountain streams in the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Cévennes number no fewer than fifteen hundred, or two-thirds of the torrents of Europe. Their waters expose to erosion an aggregate of a million acres. This evil in its acute form dates from the ruthless forest exploitations in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, especially during the Revolutionary period from 1791 to 1800, when the wise restrictions imposed by Colbert had been disregarded, and irreparable harm was done. The brooks, turned into torrents, began to inundate the plains and valleys, either tearing away fertile lands or silting them over with debris washed down from the mountains. Ere long, 800,000 acres of once tillable land in sixteen departments had been rendered unproductive, impoverishing a large portion of the inhabitants and compelling them to emi-

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grate. Thus, during the period from 1846 to 1911, the French mountain districts suffered a diminution of five million in population, whereas for the same years the population of Switzerland increased by fifty per cent. Colbert used to fear that France would some day perish for want of wood, or, as Michelet expressed it, " With the last tree will disappear the last man."

Thanks, however, to the untiring devotion of the French Forest Department, whose methods of treating torrents have created a new science, the peril is now under control. At first, in 1860, the territories were divided into " perimeters," a term applied to the region devastated by a stream and its tributaries. The " perimeters " in most urgent need of treatment were expropriated by the State, the others being left to private initiative, with promise of state assistance. But, since the inhabitants, preferring to use the land for pasture, objected to bearing their share of responsibility, the State in 1882 assumed all expense, setting aside for this work about a million dollars annually. Up to 1914, it had purchased and, for the most part, reforested, some 500,000 acres. More than half the torrents are now " pacified," the achievements of French foresters in this domain having evoked international admiration.

Nowhere has the work of reclamation progressed more satisfactorily than in the Pyrenees. A. Campagne, in his interesting book, *The Forests of the Pyrenees,* gives a brief history of this region, which comprises six French departments, and describes the forests under Roman occupation, their extent and diminution during the Middle Ages, the ruinous fellings in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, despite the stern regulations of Colbert, and the ameliorations of the past sixty years. Characteristic of ancient conditions is the account by the collaborator of Colbert, Louis de Froidour, who with his staff of reform commissioners inspected the Pyrenees in the mid-seventeenth century. The commissioners found disorder and waste, the inhabitants living in wretchedness, exploiting both royal and communal forests at a ruinous rate, clearing pasture and farm land by fire. This devastation was checked temporarily by an Ordinance in 1669, but in the second half of the eighteenth century, it was resumed, and no longer merely in the mountains. Indeed, it was only under the First Empire that wholesale felling was checked.

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A period of order and recuperation followed. An Ordinance of 1827, maintaining the essential features of that of 1669, gave to the Forest Department better organization. It created a personnel (conservators, inspectors, chief guards, *brigadiers,* and guards) and offered guarantees of competence. The School of Forestry at Nancy, destined to take in 1899 the name *Ecole nationale des Eaux et Forêts,* had been created in 1824. Its pupils and those of the *Ecole des Barres,* founded in 1875 in the department of Loiret, disseminated throughout France the science of forestry as developed by their professors. "The present organization," says M. Breton-Bonnard, "developed from the Forest Code of 1823 and from the Ordinance of 1827—both being modeled after the Ordinance of 1669—may justly be regarded as having originated in the brain of Colbert." Its efficiency is evidenced by the splendid condition of the French forests on the eve of the World War. It remains for us to consider their relation, as determined by that catastrophe, to the economic life of the country.

France lost during the war 1,250,000 acres of forest through destruction, and more than sixty per cent of her remaining merchantable timber cut for military uses. Such a drain, at a time when her demands for lumber have immensely increased, must involve economic distress, not only to "big business," but to local industries, and those dependent upon them. Before the war, 700,000 persons were employed as wood-workers, aside from farmers and peasants who gave part of their time to the woods and mills, or participated at home in wood industries. Of such industries, the more important are the manufacture of vehicles and farm implements, barrels, boxes, casks, furniture, musical instruments, paper, and wooden shoes. This last activity alone enlists the services of fifty thousand toilers.

Our Chief Forester, Henry S. Graves, writes in *American Forestry:*

> Probably the first effect of the depletion of French forest supplies will be a shifting of many wood-using industries to certain large industrial centres. The necessity for importing raw materials will tend to centralize plants at points convenient for transportation. There will be a tendency to substitute machine-made articles for those made by hand. There will be fewer and larger factories for making wagons, furniture, wooden shoes, barrels, boxes, and the like. Numerous small factories will probably go out of business. Communities thrifty because of the presence of these industries will suffer or be obliged to

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find some substitute. The home industries dependent upon wood will in many places disappear, perhaps permanently, as the skilled carvers, turners, and cabinet makers pass on.

The wood-workers, having become wandering laborers in other employments, will emigrate to the cities. Some, no doubt, will swell the ranks of the tramps and pickpockets. Many will be missed from farm work, which alternates with forest employment. The dislocation of local industry, upsetting the established economic equilibrium, will be found to affect the industrial and social life of rural France.

To remedy such conditions, measures must be taken at once. Reforestation will diminish and eventually stop the importation of lumber. It will protect local industries and tend to prevent destructive inundations like those of 1910 and the past winter. Writing in the *Matin* so recently as the eighth of January, 1920, André Ménabréa, President of the Syndicat d'Initiative of Paris, points out that the latest floods on French rivers are due to devastations caused by the war.

> Wherever the woods have been cut in accordance with certain rules, the floods have remained within their expected limits; where the trees have been destroyed, however, the rain has coursed down the slopes as on the tiles of a roof instead of being slowly absorbed through several weeks. Paris must expect a periodic return of inundations until the forests have again grown up. Indeed, the existence of Paris will be precarious without such forests to preserve it from invasions and inundations. The forests have proved the only impregnable citadel of her defence.

It is evident, then, that the masses need to have impressed upon them the utility of forestry. Such is the aim of two organizations, the *Société des Amis des Arbres* and the *Association pour l'Aménagement des Montagnes,* functioning through two hundred and fifty branches.

Two-thirds of the waste lands of France, if reforested, would gradually grow into a property worth twenty billion francs. At the same time, reforestation would secure the country against floods and increase its beauty, health and population.

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.

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AN ACTOR'S VIEW OF THE MOVIE "MENACE"

BY OTIS SKINNER

FROM an eminence of high idealism Walter Prichard Eaton, in the July NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, calls the faithful to the defence of the American Theatre.

Mr. Eaton has been for many years a champion of the native drama and an ardent advocate of its highest expression. He foresees a stultifying of its growth in the encroachment of motion pictures in theatres built for performances of the spoken drama, unless something is done and done quickly. For him—

> 'Tis an unweeded garden
> That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature
> Possess it merely.

While there is justifiable reason for Mr. Eaton's forebodings, it seems to me that we need not wholly despair for the future of our stage. It is an institution of such immense commercial value that traffic in cheap meretricious goods forms no inconsiderable part of its bulk, yet the record of each year's product shows a list of many well-written and well-acted plays.

In the reply of Jesse L. Lasky there is a commentary almost as sad as Mr. Eaton's. He says: "It is because the motion picture has filled a place that the stage cannot, that the drama is dying while the motion picture is growing greater."

Although one might be tempted to cry, "A plague on both your houses!" the quarrel as it stands is a very pretty one. I do not find any conclusion reached beyond Mr. Eaton's firm belief in the salvation that shall come to our stage in the establishment of repertory companies, on the one hand, and Mr. Lasky's rejoicing over the prodigious success of the motion picture on the other. Mr. Eaton has

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no patience with the movie, while Mr. Lasky presents it as "the most interesting part of our American life."

The crux of the controversy seems to be the invasion of the regular theatres by the films.

Mr. Lasky probably does not base his declaration that the drama is dying on the financial health of the hundreds of theatres throughout the country where it is continually presented, for he undoubtedly knows that for the past three years the success of such theatres has been without precedent. My own tours during this period have taken me far afield and placed me in touch with local managers who have reported the unparalled prosperity of their houses.

Mr. Eaton cries out on the decadent interest that supports the movies, and Mr. Lasky sits at the bedside of the dying drama and counts its diminishing pulse. As both gentlemen speak with the authority of their experiences, observations, and judgments, I shall not take issue with their main deductions in the space of so brief an article as this. Nor may I do more than glance at the social and commercial mutability that fills Pittsfield's one theatre with film shows, and reduces the city's literary depot to one book store, although the excessive high rates of railroads for travelling companies, and the far-circulating magazines, may be offered as satisfactory reasons for these two conditions. When Pittsfield's theatre was in its anti-movie heyday, the real "stars" who visited it in the course of a season could have been counted on the fingers of one's two hands; and there is justice in Mr. Lasky's contention that most of the New York successes were spread over one-night stands in Number Two, Three, and Four companies. Many theatre-goers in the smaller cities became wise to this state of affairs and began to conceive a distrust of road companies. They resented the fact that the original company had been sent directly from New York to Boston, while a cheaper troupe was considered good enough for Pittsfield. So, when prosperity became greater, as it has become greater for most people of this country, the small-town resident formed the habit of reserving his theatre-going for frequent trips to Boston or New York, where he could see plays produced with an illusion impossible in his home town playhouse, and amid surroundings that appealed to his holiday mood. The great factor, however, in the diminution of travelling companies, representative or indifferent, is the prohibitive

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cost of labor and the high rates of the railroads. And this makes Mr. Eaton's appeal for the repertory company a most vital one, and I shall hail that happy day—if it comes! But I cannot here plead its cause.

One point in this debate has been wholly missed—though it may not have been the desire of either writer to discuss it: The spoken drama is not a picture play; nor the picture play a spoken drama. The film can never oust the dramatist's art; nor can the legitimate drama ever annihilate the movie. And, above all, the film play can never take the place of the acted play. Be it made ever so perfect, it is, in its very last word, the operation of a remarkable machine. Its story is told by pictures and titles; its characters are shadows. It might be called a kind of vivid and sublimated illustrated story book, wherein the obligation of a reader is imposed upon the spectator. To follow and understand it, he must read the titles and explanations. Often he must also read the contents of documents such as wills, deeds, contracts, telegrams, letters, newspaper articles, etc., projected on the screen for a clear understanding of the continuity of the tale. It is well nigh impossible to present upon the screen a scene of argument and mental conflict between two characters. The only thing a director may do is to place them face to face and then "cut" to the titles which the audience must read; and these characters should not talk much, either, for lip movement is bad for the effect. It is in the art of suggestion that the director finds his best medium—an attitude, a look, a motion, a bit of pantomime. Sometimes a glove, a gun, an empty chair will tell a story better than action.

When the photoplay began to develop its popularity, much was heard from its promoters of "our new art," and many were the prophecies of its reaching emotional heights unheard of in the theatre. It can scarcely be said to have fulfilled those predictions. In very little has it gone beyond *The Birth Of A Nation,* which is now an old story, save in improved photography, electric lighting, and costly and ingenious studio sets. There are, thank Heaven! a few conventions now relegated to the ash heap. The "vamp" is no longer with us; nor the languorous, wavy-haired, Laura Jean Libbey-like hero; but the lion-hearted man with spurs and leather-banded Stetson still commits slaughter, as of old; the lady with the prismatic past is justified in her

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deeds before God and her husband, while the bloom on the custard pie remains glorious and fragrant.

But these dear familiar figures, too, will pass: there is evidence of the dawn of a better day. Certainly there is no lack of earnestness and artistic endeavor on the part of the representative motion-picture producers. In California, where I am writing, I am amazed at the wealth of detail, the infinite care and study given to the production of a picture-play. Artists, architects, draughtsmen, skilled mechanics are all busily working with the director to complete the illusion aimed for. And I may here say that this stupendous work gives me a feeling of sadness for its ephemeral existence, and more than once these lines have recurred to me:

> So fleet the works of men,
> Back to the earth again.
> Ancient and holy things fade like a dream

No audience, seeing a finished picture, can thoroughly appreciate the patient care and labor that have gone into its making. The most painstaking designs of architects,—hangings and carpets from the Orient, furniture that might be museum pieces, veritable masterpieces of painting, books in costly bindings, jewels, costumes—indeed, anything and everything which money may command, are requisitioned for scenes that on the silver screen may last but a minute, even less. *A street in Florence* has an illusion so complete that it is difficult to realize that those rutted cobblestones were placed there only yesterday by studio laborers; and when one walks through "*Kismet's*" *Bazaar in Bagdad,* it is as if a magic carpet had suddenly swept one from California to Arabia.

Producers and artists (both actors and designers) were early lured to "Movieland," and now the film magnates are drafting writers and playwrights of achievement. At present in Hollywood one may find Gouverneur Morris, Clayton Hamilton, Gertrude Atherton, Winchell Smith, Basil King, Thompson Buchanan, Elmer Rice, Rupert Hughes, Mary Roberts Rinehart. Joseph Urban is designing scenery for a picture play. Bayard Veiller has come out to guide the destinies of the Metro; while at the Lasky-Famous Players, the brothers DeMille still hold the fort. The results of such interest may tend to refute Mr.

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Eaton's sweeping assertion that "nine-tenths of all movies are bound automatically to be trash."

And yet—when author, playwright, artist, actor and camera man have done their all, they have not produced a play, but a photograph. It may be presented in a thousand places simultaneously, and the star it has featured will be there no more than Caruso will be present in a phonograph. The human presence, the human voice, the human touch, the human sympathy, are lacking. I mention this as a fact, not failing, at the same time, to rejoice that thousands of people who are denied the privilege of both seeing and hearing Ethel Barrymore in the spoken drama, and both seeing and hearing Caruso in opera, have pleasurable solace in the counterfeits of cinema and phonograph.

I think Mr. Eaton underestimates the preferences of his townsfolk when he ascribes to them a keener interest in the "silent drama" because it is "less a tax on the attention." Surely this is not an added pleasure to theatre-going! To me the very joy of the theatre is in the attention forced by a skillfully constructed play acted by players of conviction and artistic power. I have often watched an audience coming from a moving-picture theatre, and rarely have I seen a look of more elation or spirit upon the faces of the crowd than would result from the perusal of a newspaper. Whereas, after an evening at an interesting play, the audience pours forth in animation; and even though the play may have been a tragedy, emotions have been stirred and minds stimulated until the reaction shows on every face. So long as the human relation is preserved between actor and audience, so long will the *acted* drama retain its supremacy in any community.

It would be Quixotic to attempt to suppress the movie: it is here to stay. It is the most popular recreation in the world to-day. Its supporters number millions. Its activities extend from the Polar Circle to the heart of Africa. Since we need not fear that it will supplant the real drama, let us rejoice that its distributors are sending forth a cleaner, saner product. There has been too much pandering to the salacious to be wholesome, and the excuse was, "We appeal to the masses." Things are changing, thanks to censorship and a realization that perhaps the masses have finer emotions than some at first imagined. I find that most "fans" prefer the clean movie. Those film favorites who have stood

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for wholesome, decent pictures have been the ones whose vogue has lasted longest, and if I have referred to salacious movies, it is with no wish to whitewash the exhibitors of the outrageous, outspoken, and vicious triangles of the modern writers for the stage; nor to justify the bed-room farce; nor the objectionable burlesque. By and large, I believe that the moving-picture is now setting the purveyors of modern dramatic fare a very worthy example.

Let Mr. Eaton not despair, but rather enjoy the best of both the *silent* and the *spoken* drama, smiling to himself the while as he remembers that, after all, "Words are the only things that live."

OTIS SKINNER.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO HAMLET?

A NEW PHASE OF AN OLD VIEW

BY O. W. FIRKINS

THE theory of Hamlet which the present essay submits is nothing very new—is, in fact, nothing but a new posture of the classic Coleridgian judgment that Hamlet signifies the inhibition of executive force by intellectual activity. In a question in which debate is old, theories are fragile in the ratio of their novelty. The inadequacy of the old theories, which is implied in the permanence of the problem, drives men to seek relief and respite in the greater and more glaring inadequacy of the new. But disproof or distrust quickly overtakes them, and they return from the new to the old, from the greater dissatisfaction to the less, as Lear, who wanted a hundred knights, returned to Goneril:

> Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
> And thou art twice her love.

The truth is that no single theory can disentangle Hamlet. The difficulties in the case are quite peculiar. Hamlet is insane or feigns insanity through most of the play, and it is clear that insanity or its counterfeit will rob speeches of all or most of their cogency as signs of character. If the remaining material—the material we can absolutely trust—is at the same time stinted and diversified, the problem is scarcely soluble. Moreover; the Shakespearian conception of Hamlet appears to have been, in a quite exceptional degree, *unfenced*. The barrier which kept the characteristic from straying out and the uncharacteristic from slipping in was unusually weak. In a sense, this means an approximation to nature, because character, as we know it in literature, is always a convenient simplification of the facts. A character is a man made intelligible by abridgments and emendations. In Hamlet the abridging and emending process has been scanted, and the character reverts to its inherent diversity and obscurity.

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The worst of theories, however, has a value, because it presents the old facts in a new grouping. And an old fact in a new relation is half new. The old theory is safe; the new is savory: and a combination of the new and the old way may, in a fashion, combine savor with safety. I proceed, therefore, without further delay, to my variation of Coleridge, which is reducible to a single sentence: Hamlet did not *lose* his mind, but *found* it, in the shock of catastrophic revelation, and in the excitement—almost the exhilaration—of that discovery, he forgot a crime and ignored a duty.

We look at the state of Denmark through the medium of the terrifying disclosures of the play, and few of us, I imagine, realize what a decent, God-fearing, edifying, and estimable little state the Shakespearian Denmark was in its own eyes and the eyes of its neighbors before the death of Hamlet's father. It was a pious, tedious, decorous, and punctilious court into which the younger Hamlet was born, a court at which Shakespeare himself would have been almost as bored as on that *Mayflower* voyage in which Matthew Arnold imagined his participation. Hamlet's father was a condensation of all the virtues, with a tendency to solemnity and verbiage which the passage to another life failed to chasten, and the imminence of cockcrow could not stem. The queen, the most ductile and pliable of women, rivaled her lord in the correctness of her sentiments. In this sober little world, even the villain of the piece, the king's brother, was bound to be pietist and pharisee, a man so confirmed in sanctimony that sanctimony followed him into crime. The sleepy little court committed its interests to the care of a brainless chancellor, and so lethargic was its routine that a change of monarchs by assassination could not shake the dotard from his place.

In this atmosphere Hamlet was born and reared, and the surprising thing, in view of his later rebellions and originalities, is the extent to which he imbibed and reproduced its life. The placidities and decorums of this seemingly impeccable court found in the young prince the most amiable, receptive, and tractable of pupils. His father was his pattern and ideal, and his mother was exalted among women. He is despatched to the sedate German school at Wittenberg. His friend and mentor at Wittenberg was Horatio, a man of undoubted ability, but so judicious and

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wary that he may well have served rather as curb than spur to the active but submissive mind of his young comrade. As chums and playfellows he had picked out Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, two prominent members of that class which Jane Welch Carlyle in her letters was wont to call the insipidities. Hamlet's first love affair reveals the unerring swiftness of his intuition for the obvious and the correct. His heart is granted, without reservation or parley, to the first mindless young beauty whom his eye meets in the corridors of his father's palace.

We are told in so many words that he was a model young man. He has presented the English language with two of its stereotyped phrases for the marking of a standardized perfection; he is called "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." The utterance of these words by Ophelia is as illuminative as the words themselves. It is plain that the youthful Hamlet lives up meticulously, not only to conventional, but to feminine, to maidenly, standards of propriety and excellence. He is the perfect lady's perfect gentleman.

But we do not need Ophelia's testimony; listen to the young man himself. His mother urges him not to return to college. "I shall in all my best obey you, Madam," he replies with a filial decorum which Samuel Richardson or Hannah More could not have mended. Observe the nature of his objections to suicide.

> Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
> His canon against self-slaughter.

He condemns the act, not because it is cowardly or simply immoral, but because it is uncanonical, unscriptural. Here is a young man in whom his catechist or confessor may rejoice. With such a person it is obviously hazardous to joke. When Horatio, his fellow-student, calls himself a truant, Hamlet solemnly *defends him against the charge.*

> I would not hear your enemy say so.

Clearly this is a young collegian who never "vext the souls of deans." We see him assiduous at lectures, methodical in his notes. Shakespeare has not forgotten to inform us that he kept a note-book. Within two minutes after his father's ghost has ended the appalling tale of the murder in the garden, the young prince is jotting down by moonlight an invaluable memorandum about the relations of

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smiles to villany. Do I mean that Hamlet is a fool? Not at all. Hamlet has a strong mind, but its strength is shown at the outset in the docility and thoroughness of its assent to the propositions of its teachers. His mind as yet is unenfranchised, unawakened, unoriginal, adverse to criticism—living happily enough in a formal and specious court which had no trouble in hiding its sins from an eye incurious—or incredulous—of evil.

This peace of mind is suddenly laid waste by crushing revelations of iniquity in his next of kin. His mother, within two months of his father's death, enters into a degrading marriage which the piety of the son brands as incestuous. His uncle has murdered his father. The first of these shocks reduces him to despair; the second plunges him into a blinding, rending anguish which expresses and relieves itself by the mimicry of distraction. At this point the first act terminates.

When the curtain rises again, we ask ourselves with a shudder to what new depth of horror and distress will this soul have sunk in the progress of its terrible adventure. What we actually see, however, is a surprise, almost a scandal, to us. The Hamlet we rediscover in the second act is actually having a good time. That good time is the paradox, is almost the unravelment and elucidation, of the play. Act II, as we perceive, is rather gay upon the whole, and is imbibed by the audience with the furtive relish with which a contraband bottle of spirits might be consumed by a drinker under a dry régime. Hamlet himself, let us hasten to add, is not happy, is not even strictly cheerful, in his good time. Mr. Shaw in his prefaces is neither happy nor strictly cheerful, yet it is certain that Mr. Shaw has an excellent time in his prefaces, and Hamlet's good time is akin to Mr. Shaw's. It is the delight of the aroused, active, and capable intelligence in the freedom, the swiftness, and, let us instantly confess, the destructive efficiency of its own action. Has he lost his mind? Hamlet has *found* his mind. The intellect which had slept or idled in the demure and decorous consciousness of a being lovely, pure, noble, and moral enough to delight an Ophelia or a Goethe, has risen to self-realization, to independence, to authority. "Listen! the mighty being is awake!" The true Hamlet has come to his own. The earlier Hamlet, a mere puppet

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or dummy, comparable to those servants who hold places in the theatre until the true occupants arrive, is swept aside into perpetual abeyance.

What relation has this fact to Hamlet's actual or simulated madness? I reject the notion of insanity, but I do not feel that its acceptance would subvert, or greatly compromise, my theory. Shakespeare undoubtedly held that the enlargement and the derangement of a mind might be simultaneous. The decisive illustration is King Lear. Lear's mind in the storm is unmistakably disordered, but who can be blind to the extension of activity, the influx of power, which make the mind of Lear for the moment the exact counterpart of the physical world which tempest has at once animated and convulsed? But, assuming the madness to be feigned, our immediate business is to show how far the theory of swift and sudden intellectual development adjusts itself to the pretence of madness.

Between his mother's second marriage and the visit of the Ghost, it is pretty clear that the young Hamlet has been solitary in the thronging fullness, and silent in the lavish intercourse, of the new court. He speaks in the first court scene only when he is spoken to, and the speeches are trains of monosyllables except where he regales his mother with a perfectly groomed little monograph on the thesis that sincerity in grief is possible. The transformation in the second act is marvellous. The recluse has become the centre of the court, whom the chancellor visits and revisits, whom college friends from Wittenberg seek out, to whom a band of strolling players, seeking harborage and patronage in the palace, immediately resort, on whose moods and symptoms the King and Queen in an adjoining chamber solicitously wait. Furthermore, the mute has learned the art of speech; he talks, talks with the utmost vivacity, freedom, and hardihood; leads, changes, dominates, the conversation, keeps all the interlocutors in a state of amaze, subjection, and bedevilment. Assume the birth of a mind in the interval, and the mutation is logical enough. Hamlet has, in a sense, acquired new faculties, and he moves alertly and vividly in a world refreshed by the interest of these acquisitions. Clearly, in this change of conduct, a sensitive man would be glad to protect himself from the surprise of his associates. Those who had known his correct and seemly youth would think the second Hamlet crazy. Ah,

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there is the evident solution. The charter of insanity is large; why not avail one's self of the magnitude of that charter by feigning to have lost one's wits? The " wild and whirling words " after the Ghost's departure in the first act may well enough have been the natural product of the anguish of that unexampled night. Later on, their worth as an expedient, a subterfuge, a means of gaining the advantage of freedom of speech and action without incurring its responsibilities, would commend itself to a mind to which recklessness was attractive and caution indispensable.

The peculiarity of Hamlet's case lies in the fact that the supreme intellectual crisis, and the supreme moral and emotional crisis, of his life, being products of the same cause, have occurred at the same moment. What will be the result of this coincidence? If the subject is essentially an emotional and moral being, the crisis in the intellect will be subdued, dominated, submerged, by the crisis in the feelings and the conscience. Something of this kind occurs to Lear. But what if the core of the man's being be intellectual? What if he be primarily or finally a thinker? Surely the thinker will command, will utilize, will exploit, as we unfeelingly say, the sufferer and moralist. The emotional and moral stress, though never inactive and occasionally dominant, will on the whole be put back, be put aside, be instinctively relegated to a background from which, in moments of reaction and repentance, it will be ostentatiously drawn forth and restored to passing leadership. A scientist who is a good husband, but at bottom is less husband than scientist, finds his wife stricken with a remarkable and hitherto unstudied form of cancer. The behavior of Hamlet finds a close parallel in the probable experience of that investigator.

I have seen somewhere, in a source which I cannot now recover or identify, the suggestion that Hamlet's malady is not hesitation, but preoccupation. I never read, and cannot reproduce, the grounds on which this thesis was defended. But preoccupation strikes me as a very exact description of the nature of the hindrance to activity in Hamlet's case. The difficulty lies in the *general* fertility, subtlety, and diversity of his thought, not at all in any *particular* fertility, subtlety, and diversity on the subject of the murder of the king. So far from the murder's being a simple duty which the subtlety of Hamlet's mind

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unduly complicates, precisely the reverse is the case. The murder is really a complex affair which the straightforwardness of Hamlet's attitude unduly simplifies. Do you tell me that he is a prey to diverse and adverse considerations on this all-important point? Will you name those considerations? You will find, I think, that they reduce themselves to two. First, Hamlet does not wish to send the king's soul to Heaven—an objection whose duration is confined to the single minute which the king spends upon his knees. Second, Hamlet wants to make sure of the Ghost's veracity by the experiment of the play, a difficulty manufactured from the start, and obsolete, by Hamlet's own confession, at the end of the play scene. On the other hand, Hamlet is quite blind to the obvious and urgent complications of the problem—the immorality of revenge (does the Everlasting forbid only *self*-slaughter?), the illegality of revenge (important surely to a future sovereign), the danger of failure, the danger of misconception of Hamlet's motive (Hamlet is heir to the crown), the danger to an invaded state from the assassination of its ruler, the mother's grief, the mother's probable exposure and disgrace. A mind to whom considerations so vital do not even occur can surely not be accused of sophistication or elaboration in its dealings with the murder. Hamlet has no will to think about the murder; he thinks of it by spasms under duress. True, the murder is always coming back to him, but a man to whom a fact must be perpetually recalled is a man with whom the fact does not willingly or naturally stay.

Hamlet, then, is not diverted from the act by thoughts about the act itself; he is distracted by other thoughts. The interests on which his mind fastens are prevailingly general or abstract. We have seen that, while he is still reeling from the concussion of the Ghost's narrative, he sets down upon his tablets a generalization about smiles and villainy. His philosophic detachment is curiously evinced in Act I, Scene IV, where he awaits the Ghost with his companions on the platform. These companions, when they awaited the Ghost in the first scene of the play, had been able to talk of nothing but the apparition; it was only after the phantom had appeared, and terror had lost the edge of novelty, that the conversation shifted to the topics of the day. But Hamlet, for whom expectation is so deeply charged, Hamlet, in a turning-point of life, is asked a casual

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question about the reason for a cannon-shot. He is instantly drawn off into a long judicial appraisement of the customs of the Danes, from which he is insensibly decoyed into a treatise on the mixture of good and evil in human nature. The agnostic Horatio must have envied the impressible and credulous Hamlet his detachment. Compare the narrative of the sea-doings in Act IV, Scene II, with its curious parenthetic glance at the certainty of an overruling Providence.

The more the play advances, the more does the abstract reasoner, the disinterested or impersonal observer, emerge into clear view. Hamlet discusses suicide both in the first and third acts, but observe the difference. In Act I the problem is personal and concrete;

> O! that *this* too too solid flesh would melt.

In Act III, the marrowless and colorless infinitive,

> To be, or not to be: that is the question,

introduces a discussion of the impersonal or theoretic desirability of suicide. In the address to the players, "Speak the speech, I pray you", Hamlet has an urgent practical interest, the verification of the king's guilt. He has not talked two seconds before he has forgotten all about the king's guilt, and has lost himself in a dissertation on the art of acting. Observe his conduct in the graveyard. Hamlet, who, a few months before, had seen his father "quietly inurned" in all probability in that very graveyard, whose grief for that event is still visible in his garb, falls instantly into a train of general reflections the celerity of which not one glance, verbal or mental, at his personal bereavement is suffered to arrest.

The scene abounds in significance. On a skull, in a graveyard, Hamlet can reason about life and death, and in the process can forget a dead father. Note that the general reflections are prompted by an individual skull and graveyard, and that the encounter with these concrete starting-points is casual. The mind is provoked by the eye—the straying eye; the student of laws takes his hint from fortuities. Hamlet, now restless, curious, sociable, needs or at least craves an external impetus; his mind resembles those sluggish households which spring into animation at the knock of a visitor. Even his incentives to act reach him by way of outward accident. He sees a player act Hecuba. O, the sensibility, the responsiveness, of men. And I—.

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He sees an army cross a plain to possess itself of a splinter of worthless territory. O, the littleness of human incentives. And I—.

The last point, though interesting, is by the way. Let us get back to the high road. Hamlet's intelligence has been vastly quickened by the shock of two unbearable discoveries. Is there any corresponding proof of a reduction in his capacity to feel? In the court scene of the first act, which occurs between the two shocks, Hamlet's feelings are unquestionably deep. Use that emotion as a test. Do phrases like " It is not, nor it cannot come to good " or " But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two " occur in the succeeding acts? Very, very rarely. The larger part of Hamlet's utterances after Act I may be classed as impersonal criticism of life, rising often into philosophy, sinking readily into persiflage. There remains a good deal of violent and feverish declamation of which vivid examples are producible in the terminal soliloquy of Act II, the closet scene, and the close of the action in the graveyard. The case for emotion in the later Hamlet depends on the weight we assign to this declamation.

First of all, it is full of that noise and vehemence which wise men have never ranked high among the indications of sincerity. On the contrary, a distrust of the genuineness of such matter ranks fairly high among the indications of wisdom. Moreover, we have the quite extraordinary advantage of a criticism of the reality of these declamations from Hamlet himself. With a frankness hardly matchable in literature, he twice virtually confesses that his prowess in diatribe is histrionic (V, I, 271-2, Furness, " I'll rant as well as thou"; see also II, 2, 558-563). It is interesting to observe that the sonorous " I loved Ophelia " occurs just twelve lines in advance of the second of these acknowledgments. In Hamlet, while real emotion undoubtedly exists, the raiment of emotion is often donned by nervous excitability. Follow step by step in Acts II and III the accumulating efforts and excitements that mark the passage of an unexampled day, and in the vehemencies of the closet scene you will find the retaliations of the organism as distinct as the wrath and trouble of the heart.

In the later acts, Hamlet's love for Ophelia rests on the dubious evidence of a single unconfined hyperbole. His love for his father is expressed with infrequency and with

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temperance; the eulogy in the closet scene is strategic and forensic. What is his feeling toward his uncle? The outbursts of vilification which occur from time to time seem rather apologies for indifference than proofs of agitation. Hamlet scarcely hates his uncle. Hatred implies a certain flattery of its object which the scorn of Hamlet is reluctant to bestow. Claudius scarcely interests Hamlet. If the subject of the play be a relation between persons at all, the relation between Hamlet and Claudius is that subject. How often does Hamlet speak to his uncle? I expect the reader to break into indignant remonstrance when I assure him that, by actual count and by liberal count, Hamlet addresses Claudius only twenty-one times in the progress of the play. Ten of these twenty-one are in a short dialogue in Act IV which is never acted. On the stage, accordingly, Hamlet speaks barely eleven times to his uncle. The episodic, inattentive, contemptuous murder of Claudius—a murder which is half a slight—is one of the curiosities of literature. The stab is preceded and followed by a revelation of indifference which is itself a stab. It is interesting to ask, moreover, why the scene in which Hamlet stands with half-drawn sword behind the kneeling king, a scene which ought to be the culmination of the play, since it is the play, as usually conceived, in picturesque epitome, should move us so little in the reading, and so much less in the actual performance.

There is one fact in Hamlet's later state of mind which partly explains the blunted edge of grief and indignation. What is shocking to a philanthropist is normal for a misanthrope; Hamlet has passed from one condition to the other. A fire burns down a house. If the conflagration extends to the entire city, it is obvious that the blackened ruins of the house will stand out far less in the length and breadth of multiplied calamity than they would have done if the city had been spared. Reconstruct your world to fit an enormity, and, in a world so reconstructed, the enormity will lose much of its unexpectedness and its disgrace. The conduct of the queen and Claudius has led to a " revision downward," as people once said of the tariff, of Hamlet's early estimate of the worth of life and human nature. He condemns men in bands, in tribes, old men, young girls, courtiers; he has even a lash for humanity. Devastation has its fearful joy; the strange gayety of Hamlet is partly explicable by the exhilaration which he

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finds in the sack and pillage of the ideals of the race. An irruption of Montaigne into Pascal, an uprising of La Rochefoucauld in Bossuet, might have induced a kindred effervescence.

My argument is now complete; its content may be thus recapitulated:

First, the gravity, decorum, and pietism of the Danish court.

Second, the seemingly complete impregnation of the young prince with this spirit.

Third, the dormancy or latency in the young prince of a powerful mind which nothing, up to the hour of his mother's second marriage, had freed or quickened.

Fourth, the simultaneous arrival of a profound moral and emotional convulsion and of the liberation of the intellect.

Fifth, the retreat in consciousness of the moral and emotional convulsion before what was, to an essentially intellectual being, the superior interest of the enfranchised and emergent mind.

Sixth, a resultant pre-occupation with the affairs of the mind which made concern with immediate duty uninteresting and laborious.

Seventh, a falling-off in the distinction and significance of the crimes that had shocked Hamlet through the extension and completion of the misanthropy which those crimes had bred.

Do I believe that Shakespeare really meant what I have imputed to Hamlet in the present article? Ah, what Shakespeare meant, what one secretly and genuinely believes! I had rather argue half a day in defense of a theory than face the probe of one such deadly question. A theory is an excellent strap with which to bind facts together for convenience of transport; it is an excellent shelf on which to set them forth in compact array for summary or survey. Speculation on Hamlet is inevitable. Hamlet is a mystery; he is said to illustrate the charm of mystery: but a mystery which is put aside or left alone cannot be said to fulfill its office or exert its charm. Yet at the end of speculation comes the chastening sense of the arrogance of the attempt to explain a mind like Shakespeare's on a point on which that mind has failed or declined to explain itself.

O. W. FIRKINS.

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TWO VICTORIAN PORTRAITS

BY MURIEL HARRIS

LORD MORLEY was lunching at Frederic Harrison's house when the conversation turned on toothache. Lord Morley said he had never had toothache in his life. "Then *that's* why you're so great and good" was the prompt rejoinder of the woman sitting next to him.

Lord Morley's great-and-good reputation has always been accepted with singular unanimity—even by those who disagreed with him as only your peers can disagree with you. "Honest John" to the general public, he has also compelled a similar deference from his particular public. At the same time, reputations have to do with more than character. Lord Charles Beresford, for instance, got the reputation of the breezy sailor chiefly by reason of his face, which was like a bull-dog's. There is a certain saintliness, a stained-glass-window suggestion, about Lord Morley's face which has corroborated the inward light. Of Frederic Harrison, now one of his few remaining contemporaries, with his masculine, forceful head, no one would say great-and-good. Great, yes. Good, yes. But not great-and-good.

At this time of general reconstruction a comparison of the lives of these two men has a peculiar aptness—perhaps a greater aptness than a similar comparison of other notable octogenarians, such as Lord Bryce, Thomas Hardy, Sir George Trevelyan. For one thing, there have been quite unusual similarities in their lives. Agreeing closely, they have differed as widely. With common sympathies, they are fundamentally apart. More perhaps than any of their contemporaries, they have influenced British thought, and their total influence has yet to be appraised. One made a religion of philosophy; the other harnessed statesmanship to literature. Together they brought into the water-tight compartments of history, statesmanship, literature, the common

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factor of humanity, identifying with humanity in general the different phases of humanity in particular.

Both men were born round about a period corresponding in many ways with our own. Frederic Harrison just remembers being taken as a very little boy to Queen Victoria's coronation. Both began life during a period of history still heaving with the ground swell of the Napoleonic wars. Then, as now, spirits had been called up from the vasty deep, which people feared. Shape after shape marked the political remodelling of Europe, and liberty and repression were rapid alternations. Both men grew to manhood amid the ferment of thought that was the outcome of the long war-period. It was a time when philosophic speculation was everywhere trying to reconstruct a shattered world and reconstruct it differently. Frederic Harrison fell under the spell of Auguste Comte; John Morley under that of John Stuart Mill; both took much from the philosophy of the other, just as Mill appreciated Comte, even while, in some directions, falling foul of him.

It is as difficult to decide as is the problem of the hen and the egg whether a philosophy so influences a man as to shape him fundamentally other than he might have been, or whether, in a given philosophy, a man finds the echo of his own inarticulate convictions. Much philosophy consists in voicing what is already there, rather than in producing original material. A determination of the question would provide many a clue to character. Morley, for instance, became the rationalist, the exponent of moderation, of *how* to do a thing rather than of the doing of it. Was this tolerance learnt of the ultra-tolerant Mill, or was it perhaps in part due to a certain sensitiveness, perhaps to a certain deep-rooted loneliness, which shrank from the personal contact of the intolerant? Did Frederic Harrison's own passion for history, whether of Byzantium or of the year of our Lord, 1920, chime so perfectly with Comte's idea of synthetic history, that his conversion was there, almost before it started? Is it possible that Mill fettered and constrained Morley, whereas Comte, with all his formalism, freed and amplified Harrison? Subtracting the common ground of wide experience, scholarliness, intimate knowledge over more than half a century of everybody worth knowing, intense sympathy with France, as opposed to Carlyle's deification of brute force in Frederick, the characters of the two men are

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poles asunder. That of Frederic Harrison is ardent, robust, fearless; that of Morley isolated, cautious, and fearful—in the sense of fearing to take a wrong step. I remember them both during a week-end at Frederic Harrison's country house in Kent. Both sat under the wide branches of the yew-tree on the lawn looking at the rose-walk. Harrison talked vigorously, urging, suggesting, putting his points, one leg outstretched, the other drawn up as though to anchor himself against the pull of his own vehemence. Morley sat back, listening, appraising, saying very little. They were talking of Chamberlain and the Protectionist movement, and while they were both ardent free-traders, Morley had a deep admiration for Chamberlain—the admiration perhaps of the man of thought for the man who acted at once—while Harrison thought friendship for the man compromised by the wrong-headedness of his principles. Only a year or two ago at Bath, the same attitude was evident in the two men. Although several years his senior, Frederic Harrison guided Lord Morley when they crossed the street together, and it was the older of the two who made the suggestions, raised the arguments, was the vital member of the discussion. It is something of a paradox that of the two, the less vigorous should have had most of the rough-and-tumble of political life. It was Morley who emerged from his library to take a share in the government of his country; it was Frederic Harrison who refused offers to become even member of Parliament, and whose official life was confined to a London County Councillorship under the chairmanship of Lord Rosebery.

The careers of the two men were the direct result of their respective philosophies. Mill was in Parliament himself, where Gladstone called him the saint of rationalism, and, almost against his own inclinations, Lord Morley has felt that knowledge of men is not contained in books alone. His natural tendency towards reserve and isolation possibly influenced him the more towards the public life which should complete his knowledge. Frederic Harrison, on the other hand, has felt, with many other thinkers of his day, that Parliament is least helpful towards the world of ideas. Moreover, his own natural inclinations take him widely among men. His autobiography tells of his friendships with Gladstone, Tennyson, Rosebery and the rest, and to this day, when he is known as the Grand Old Man of

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Bath, he finds pleasure in meeting everybody, discussing everything. The chief exponent of the religion of Humanity is himself the most human of men. During the war, when Bath became once more a fashionable centre for politicians, literary men and the like, Mr. Harrison was the centre to whom they all gravitated, foreigners and Englishmen alike—Lord Rosebery, Lord Morley, Mr. Raemaekers, Prince Cantacuzene. I remember how at one of the Bath tea-parties a rather foolish woman, after listening to his stories, asked him *why* he did not write his memoirs. He did not snub her, but replied mildly that he had —several times. With all the difference in their careers, therefore, Lord Morley and Frederic Harrison had this in common—each of them possessed two great interests. One was absorbed in government and literature; the other was absorbed in Positivism and literature. Perhaps each would say that their two interests were one—certainly in the case of Mr. Harrison there would be truth in this. But to the outsider—the mere reader of the lives of Chatham, Cromwell, Voltaire, of *Compromise* and of *The Meaning of History*—it is probable that literature will best represent them. It is difficult, for instance, for any but the actual friend to realize, except through literature—as opposed to more active work—the spirit moving such a personality as that of Mr. Harrison. His is the secret of eternal youth. Everything is vital to him. Dead bones live under his touch; ashes become flesh and blood. His knowledge of the past is the knowledge of seventy years from which nothing has been lost. But it is his knowledge of the present which differentiates him from his contemporaries, a knowledge enabling him to a just balancing of past and present and giving him an almost uncanny prescience with regard to the future. In 1886 he was advancing powerfully all the reasons now being giving for a self-governing Ireland. In the Franco-German war, when much sympathy was felt in England for the Germans, he foresaw the aggressive policy which culminated in the Great War, and advocated preparation at a time when it laid him open to the charge of having departed from his life-long principles. At one time strongly anti-suffragist, he again disappointed those who cannot see that other times imply other manners, by declaring himself in 1916 in favor of women's suffrage. I think it was that historic sense of his, which never stagnated but was always

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renewing itself in the changing events, which enabled him to prophesy with extraordinary correctness the course of the war. In early September, 1914, when we all thought that Paris must fall, he said to me, "Paris will not fall. They will take Namur, but they will not get Paris." Seemingly pessimistic when things were less bad, he held firm all through the terrible drive of 1918, and it was not a matter of guessing, but the most living, pulsating, historical sense of the last half-century which brought him to his conclusions. It is here perhaps that he most differs from Lord Morley, whose training leads him to sober thought and consideration, the weighing of one delicate point against another, of one pungent word against one more pungent. Frederic Harrison's mind is instantly made up, just as his essays are instantly written, almost without verbal correction, in the characteristic hand of which he is proud. To him politics are history and history is politics. There is no cleavage between yesterday and today. His attitude on the Egyptian question, years ago; on the Jamaica committee when he and Morley were opposed to Ruskin, Tennyson, Carlyle; on the Boer War, brought him into the closest touch with Lord Morley. Equally he has frequently disagreed with him on matters of policy, as is perhaps inevitable on the part of the man out of office with the man in office; as is also inevitable with the man who at once knows his own mind and is not afraid to seem rash about it, with the man who is above all honest, but to whom rashness would be sheer torture. Sensitiveness is an ill-defined term. Some people are termed insensitive because they see past the lets and hindrances to the ultimate goal; some people are termed sensitive in proportion to the number of things they couldn't possibly do. It is partly a question of range, partly a question of that personal courage which, having regard all the time to public opinion, yet knows how to distinguish in it the sounder elements from the elements that merely hurt the vanity. Frederic Harrison's sensitiveness is of the long-range variety, and his courage makes him disregard not opinion but opinions. He is not in the least afraid of appearing inconsistent, and those who taunted the staunch opposer of the Boer War and Imperialism with inconsistency when he preached the German peril, can now see the independence of mind which enabled him to distinguish between the two events. His courage and vitality again enabled him to

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face the Great War where others of his years could hardly bear it and sought refuge in other channels. A famous Oxford don endeavored to ignore the war altogether, would hear no talk of it; would read no newspapers. Oscar Browning in Rome devoted himself to history and Christian Science. Lord Morley wrote his *Recollections* and, after the beginning of the war, was little heard of. The strain was too great for them all except one, after the strain of a long life and many cares. Without, however, disparaging the one in order to exalt the other, it is impossible not to admire the intense vitality, the keen zest, which enabled the oldest of them all to follow the war in its every detail, to face consequences, to peer into the future undismayed, and that, in spite of heavy personal loss. Here again Frederic Harrison showed that harmony of mind which makes one history, literature, life. The writer of *The Meaning of History,* the apostle of the Comtist theory, never showed himself more at one with himself than during the years of the Great War.

Lady Morley has a protective attitude towards her husband, whether at their home in Wimbledon or in company with other people. And Lord Morley, one is aware, greatly needs this protection. Materially it shields him from noise—and there never was such a noiseless house as his—from overwork, from boredom, for of all men he least likes being bored. Spiritually it shields him from a sort of melancholy, a sort of pessimism—he would quarrel with the word—which is perhaps lack of vitality, and it strengthens him who, sensitive and conscientiously doubting, needs reassurance. The whole basis of his life within himself is in more than one sense a struggle. There is the struggle between literature and politics. There is the personal struggle between the man of letters, to whom, often, his own library most appeals, and the man of duty—also a little of ambition—who feels that the mere student must come into contact with life as it is lived. The man of letters always triumphed over the statesman, and the intellectual honesty of the writer of the lives of Burke and Rousseau —honesty which was deliberately groped for, deliberately weighed and deliberately established—was perhaps Lord Morley's greatest contribution to politics, in that it penetrated to the outer extremes of party. Yet Lord Morley ever held himself aloof. The student is ever displacing the

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politician. The most delightful talker, with a charming illuminating smile, there is yet even towards his intimates an almost impenetrable reserve. Frederic Harrison might be said to live publicly in private. Lord Morley certainly lives privately in public. There are perhaps fewer photographs of him than of any statesman living. In his *Recollections* it was everywhere remarked how little clue they gave to the man himself. This austerity—austere is a word he is fond of—has grown with the years. The intellectual, deep arched eyes, the big nose, the small mouth, would have made him two or three centuries back a cardinal or archbishop—with the double opportunities for retirement and for entry into things political. Today there is no real place for him, the statesman of letters. His austerity is of a man of generous, quixotic action who has been bruised by life and who, in self-defence, has nearly shut the little gate of his inmost self, lest perchance some coarse stranger enter there.

Lord Morley is passionately fond of music. When he is listening, his face relaxes and forgets itself. It relaxes similarly when he is talking to young people—especially young people who want to know. Naturally he has a warm impulsive humor, which he has curbed on the principle of toleration. A warm impulsive temper is never really very tolerant at bottom, but here it is balanced by his intellectual justice, by the need of freedom to see clearly, and further, by the secretiveness with which he guards his inner life. Always he is urging judgment, free from personal and popular prejudice. Always he urges an attitude which regards the constructive work of a man as a whole and disregards the pettinesses which accompany the actions even of the greatest. Probably it is no more possible to disregard the pettinesses than any other part of the human outfit—indeed it is a commonplace that when people die, we often miss them more for their little tiresomenesses—which incidentally make them akin to us—than for their great and shining virtues. There is nothing like a little darkness for helping the normal individual to see the light. And Lord Morley, fortunately, is less tolerant in practice than in theory. To men with causes at heart, however tiresome, he has always been ready to give a hearing. In the same way he is impervious to those in whom he detects insincerity or curiosity and makes no bones at all about showing that he is bored.

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The Napoleonic Wars ended the aristocratic epoch in England and brought about government by the middle classes. The Great War has ended the reign of the middle classes and is bringing about government by Labor. This is not to say that aristocrat and middle classes still do not govern. But their ideas no longer govern. Frederic Harrison and Lord Morley represent the flower of middle-class government, whether in practice or in theory. With wholehearted disinterestedness, with complete absence of the materialism born of Mid-Victorian prosperity, with never-failing courage, they not only entered their protest against injustice and oppression, but they furthered the construction of an ideal by which man might live. Sanity, rationalism, moderation—perhaps *laisser-aller* in government according to Mill—is Morley's contribution to his epoch; duty, hope, the treasure-house of the past and a goal for the future is that of Frederic Harrison.

MURIEL HARRIS.

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THE DRIFTWOOD HARP

BY WINIFRED WELLES

It was a peaceful world we knew,
Small as a green bowl under the blue
Filmy circle of five hills—

We had
Little wisdom to make us sad.
Dreams fared no further than the rim
Of the horizon and there grew dim
With day, and their fire would slide
Back into dark on the home side.

Save for the shudder a lizard breeze
Drew now and then from tall palm trees,
All life and all leafage dreamed.
Deep in the ferns the houses gleamed
With sleepy, tousled roofs, and seemed
Less like graceless shelters and more
The backgrounds for each open door,
Where groping babes grew brown as roots,
And nodding, old men dried like fruits,
And women yawned in the still sun
Over bright weaving that never was done.

In that little land of great content,
No one hour struck, no high event
Clattered or billowed along the way
Tomorrow took from yesterday.
Dawn slanted into the same twilight
Over and over.

There was no white,
Wonderful weariness to keep
Men from their usual, gradual sleep,
No loneliness, no smiting mood,
Nor any hunger, save for food.

Now here I grew, and here grew
My strange driftwood harp too,

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Shaped like a fanciful, flying wing,
Of dark wood and bright string,
A beautiful though battered thing,
That never the softest breath stirred
But through its gold bones still was heard
The sorrow of a great, lost bird.

And when I played it I would kneel,
For when I touched it I could feel
Under my hands the sting and start
Of a naked, living, bleeding heart.

There was a mystery in my song,
Its trouble and beauty did not belong
To any thing that I had seen.
There were no words for the near, green
Snarled reality under my eyes,
No monotone for those smooth skies;
But rhythm out of the harp would be
Sucked up and broken over me;
And drenched and breathlessly my cries
Up from the fragments would arise
In love of a longing I named the sea!

But none who heard me understood
Nor seemed to find my singing good.
They told me only a mad fool
Could conjure up this crinkled, cool,
Level mirage and claim it true,
When anyone could see that blue
Was taut and brazen like the sky,
Or a hill, immovable and high
While water certainly stood sweet
Green in a circle at one's feet,
Or narrowed from rocks in white strips.
And as for whims like shells or ships—
They turned away and curled their lips!

Who would have dreamed that the king's son
Would be the first enkindled one
To listen and long, and wave his hand,
And turn his face from his father's land?
Then youth and youth flamed after him
To the dark height and over its rim,
Like star after vanishing star,
Till they wore a path as white as a scar!

Oh long and long the old men yearned
But the young men never returned—
So they cut off my hands and tongue and burned
My harp. The tall, straight strings

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Raveled and shriveled to thin black rings,
And the multicolored skeins of fire
That twisted up from the grey pyre,
Were the stained swords that put out my sight
Forever—
I had no light
For the king's son when he came home,
But his stinging words were a glitter of foam
On my bleak silence, his swift wrath
Sped in a golden, arrowy path
Over my waste—
And what I had grieved
And gladdened and died for they all believed
At last.

When the king's son was through
Giving the truth to my dreams, he drew
From his silver robe a carved, blue
Vessel of water, that those who still
Were in doubt could sip to their fill.
Mists of song I had spread for their drouth,
But a little, bitter taste in the mouth
Was their first drink of faith.

They sighed
Over the dust of my harp and tried
To find the strings, but the king's son cried
For my own wounds, and carried me
Over the hill to the healing sea.

WINIFRED WELLES.

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A GARGOYLE IN FLANDERS

BY THEDA KENYON

When he who dared to dream of God's white face,
  And carve it into stone,
Had finished, to surround his imagery,
A choir of angels, singing tirelessly,
And raised (as some new maker of high Heaven)
The whole, within this place—
The truer, baser nature of the man
Longed for an earth form—and my life began. . . .

A bitter visaged gargoyle in a court
Looking forever with one jaded eye
Upon man's mad procession, passing by—
Gathering new impressions, day by day,
Storing them all away:
A fragile treasury of dreams and tears,
And gentle-wingèd hopes—and dark-eyed fears:
I whisper them to sunbeams that caress
  My age-cramped, bent-limbed form;
And rambling roses, reaching up to bless
  My grief, through sun and storm. . . .

And far beneath, I watched the Pilgrims pass,
  In penitential row;
Their pale, pure candles pointing to the sky,
  Their meek eyes fixed upon the earth below—
Their incense, veiling all in mystery,
  Offered to that hard-visaged marble God!

Then, when the little group had turned away,
Their sabots clicking on the cobblestones
  In sharp rebuke to sunset silences—
And the cold, lofty God whom they had praised
Stared stonily, unmoved by their now fading mass. . . .

Then, I knew the crash of battle, and the beating of the drum,
  The screams of fallen wounded, and the high-flung Marseillaise,
The prayers of men now dying—as they have died through the years,
  The daring of the desperate, and the hollow word of praise—

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And that pale marble face we knew as God's
  Has fallen—crushed white marble—in the court;
The bleak-eyed angels ceased their silent songs
  Long ere the last great Armageddon fought
    Should sink into the splendor of the day—
And I—the lowliest of the company—
Reign undisturbed, in ugly majesty.

Are there no Gods that dare outlive the glow
  Of sacrificial fire?
The sunbeam answers no—
Apollo and his cult passed long ago—
And thus the dim array of lesser Gods must go.

But wait—lo, reaching higher,
  The rambler roses blow,
Their thorns a-tremble as they dare aspire,
  And, blood-red drops on the grey wall, they grow
In crimson splendor like a living pyre—
  They hear the poppies in the fields below,
  Chanting in tireless ecstasy, and so
Though the most transient children of Desire,
They plumb the mysteries we tirelessly admire,
  And in their moment's life, they dare—to know!

For a new company throngs through the place—
  A stranger group, with bodies maimed like mine—
  But their deep eyes are lit with light divine,
Their shattered limbs quiver with new-found grace;
And Holiness now steals within the court,
  Soft-footed as a young girl's twilit prayer—
And wraps the reverent-headed company
  In deep benevolent blessing, kneeling there!

THEDA KENYON.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

NEVER before did rival candidates for the Presidency so shrewdly characterize each other as did Senator Harding and Governor Cox; and never did they so promptly and completely confirm the estimates that had been made of them. "He is sincere," said Governor Cox of Senator Harding, on learning of his nomination. "He is smart," said Senator Harding of Governor Cox in the same circumstances. Those identical estimates were a thousand times repeated and elaborated, in reference to the speeches of acceptance. There were many—outside of his own party—who disagreed with Senator Harding, but there was not one who challenged the absolute sincerity of his utterances. Indeed, not a few went out of their way to pay him that highest of all tributes. That of Mr. Mark Sullivan in the New York *Evening Post* deserves repetition, because of the high authority of its author and of his indubitable impartiality:

> You felt sure he had determined that there should be no false pretences. . . . One felt sure that the country would see the sincerity in his speech; certainly the audience did. . . . His greatest wish seemed to be that the country should understand his attitude clearly. There was not at any point the faintest evidence of straddle or of framing his utterances as an appeal to popularity. . . . There were plenty of points with which the Democrats can take issue, but not anywhere was there a sentence that could be charged with disingenuousness.

The general comment upon Governor Cox's speech was that it was adroit, shrewd, smart; and there was the widest diversity of opinion as to precisely what he meant. Upon the one outstanding issue, however, he was explicit in spite of himself. That was, of course, the League of Nations. Upon that the writer whom we have already quoted declared that Senator Harding was "clear and unequivocal," as indeed he was: for American coöperation with other nations for the maintenance of peace on a basis of justice, to the

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fullest degree compatible with American independence and integrity, but resolutely against President Wilson's Covenant save with thoroughly effective reservations. Now Mr. Sullivan says that in Governor Cox's treatment of that same subject "there was no shirking:"

> The point that struck you as you listened was the completeness of Governor Cox's identity with Wilson's position. . . . It seemed as if he were really trying to put himself squarely in Mr. Wilson's shoes.

So then is the issue joined by the two candidates in their own deliberate words. The sincere Senator Harding is for an association of the nations for the maintenance of peace, on terms compatible with American nationality. The smart Governor Cox is for the Smuts-Cecil-Wilson denationalizing Covenant, without the dotting of an *i* or crossing of a *t*. Upon that issue the nation will welcome the "great and solemn referendum" which the President has invoked.

The Bolshevist conquest of Poland has, as we write, been pushed almost to completion, through the indifference, irresolution, and division of counsels on the part of the Allies which we must regard as quite incomprehensible. France, indeed, appears to have had clarity of vision and steadiness of purpose. But she was restrained by the unreadiness of Great Britain and Italy, particularly of the former. Having knowledge of the Bolshevist invasion of Persia with the avowed purpose of fomenting a Mohammedan uprising against British rule in India, the British Government has persisted in refusing to regard the Soviet Government as an enemy, and in negotiating for trade relations with it which would confessedly be tantamount to political recognition. Its best advice to Poland was to seek peace through direct negotiations with Soviet Russia; that is, to make terms with a Government which respects no promise it has given, and which declined to enter into an armistice because it would be unable to control its own troops. That the United States is not, through the bonds of a Covenanted League, made a participant in this shameful policy, is cause for profound thankfulness.

The recent granting of a substantial increase of wages and salaries to railroad employees has been followed with

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the awarding to the roads of a large increase in freight and passenger rates. Of the justice and of the imperative need of this there can be no question. Before the war, for years, the roads had been systematically starved, and it was on that account that many of them were so ill-equipped to meet the greatly increased demands of war times. The Government, of course, made good from the pockets of taxpayers the vast deficits which occurred during its period of operation. The roads themselves could not do that, wherefore it was necessary to make provision for an increase of their normal revenue. The higher rates will not provide funds for the great works of betterment which are imperatively needed, but will merely cause revenue to balance the operating expenses. With such a balance, plus a reasonable dividend on stock and interest on bonds assured, however, the roads will be enabled to borrow whatever is needed for new tracks and equipment, as they could not possibly have done without it. Since the roads fully realize that it is now incumbent upon them to justify private ownership by rehabilitating the service which the Government so grossly demoralized, we may expect in the next few months to see some hundreds of millions expended in permanent improvement of the transportation system. As for the increased cost to travellers and shippers, it will hardly be welcomed, but neither will it be seriously demurred to; for the public will realize that it is unavoidable.

Without too effusively emulating the late Mark Tapley, we must regard the outlook in Mexico as distinctly improving. A greater degree of tranquillity prevails than the country has known since the reign of Porfirio Diaz. The recent elections were conducted in a peaceful and orderly manner, and it is probable that to a larger extent than usual the people actually cast ballots and had them fairly counted. The result was, as might have been expected and as was to be desired, in favor of General Obregon and his partisans, and it appears to be generally accepted without protest or demur. The spectacle of Francisco Villa "coming in," promising to "be good," and asking for text-books and schools and teachers instead of for carbines and cartridges, was one of the most dramatic in recent Mexican history, and one of the most significant. American interest, apart from that which is purely humane, is chiefly confined to the

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observance of law along the border, and the safeguarding of the lives and property rights of Americans in Mexico; in both of which directions a betterment is to be noted. While abating not one jot nor tittle of our just claims, it will be wise to exercise a certain degree of patience, so long as the Mexican Government evinces a sincere and active purpose to do right. It must be remembered that abuses as gross as those which have grown up under seven years of "watchful waiting" are not to be corrected in a day. If these principles are frankly and practically recognized, it may be that we shall see henceforth a new and better era for Mexico, both in her domestic affairs and in her relations with the United States.

There appears to be a lull in the zeal of some of the inquisitors into the amount and origin of party campaign funds; for reasons which, in some cases, are not difficult to surmise. The Republican managers have announced, and appear to be faithfully carrying out, the policy of seeking small contributions from a great number of persons, and of accepting none from anybody above a fixed and decidedly moderate maximum; an ideal plan, which ought to result in ample funds, and the fulfilment of which would surely place the party's campaign fund above reproach and suspicion.

The Democratic managers, on the other hand, decline to place any limit upon the size of contributions which they will accept, but are ready to take any money that comes along, be it counted by units or by millions. At the same time, Governor Cox refers to "the fabulous contributions to the present Republican campaign fund, sufficient to stagger the sensibilities of the nation"; and even Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, despite his former enviable reputation for common sense, professes to "know for a fact" that in his home county the Republicans are raising a fund which, if carried uniformly throughout the country, would mean a total of $33,000,000.

We should think that in such circumstances Messrs. Cox and Roosevelt would insist upon the inquest into campaign funds being kept in high gear, and would lay before the inquisitors the damning facts of which their minds appear to be the sole repositories.

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The fourteenth competition for the America's Cup had the same result as all its predecessors had, and the coveted trophy remains, after threescore years and ten, save one, in American possession. The contest was however, the least satisfactory of all the long series. There was, it is true, none of the more or less acrimonious controversy which arose over the races of 1871 and 1895. Both contestants professed to be perfectly satisfied. But the public and, we believe, yachtsmen generally, were profoundly dissatisfied, not with the result of the contest but with the manner in which it was attained. What the public would like to see, if it is to retain its interest in these matches, and what the sport of yachting needs for the furtherance of its true welfare, is that, instead of drifting matches between fragile freak racing machines, the result of which is decided by luck in getting into currents of the tide or by catching stray flaws of wind, or by mathematical computation of time allowances, there shall be contests between real, practical yachts, in conditions of weather which shall afford tests of genuine seamanship and shall give the boats equal chances independent of luck. Drifting in an oily tideway gives no thrills and tables of logarithms inspire no enthusiasm.

The Party of the Forty-Eight has resolved itself not into quite forty-eight, but certainly into a number of separate and bitterly antagonistic factions, some of them hating and denouncing the others even more than they do the two great parties. This was not in the least surprising, since the original conclave had within itself potent elements of conflict and dissolution. Whether it will discourage the inclination to organize "third parties"—or thirteenth, or thirty-third—may be doubted. The number of such fly-by-night movements in the history of American politics is legion, and it has generally increased in like ratio with their futility. A contrary tendency was observed in the recent German elections, and was, strangely enough, deplored by some American commentators who should have known better. We can think of nothing in party organization that would be of better omen for Germany—it has been an unspeakable blessing for France—than for the dozen or more petty factions to disappear and to gravitate to the right and to the left, so as to form two great parties, Liberal and Conservative. That would assure a stability of government and an

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efficiency of constructive statemanship which are not to be expected where the Cabinet has to depend for support upon the unstable equilibrium of a duodecimal coalition.

The plague and typhus are both at our doors. Indeed, they have actually crossed the threshold and gained a footing within. We do not expect any serious epidemic of either. But it would be folly not to recognize the seriousness of the danger, and to realize that appalling disaster is to be averted only by prompt, vigorous and unsparing measures of defence. In the case of typhus, which is the more difficult to handle, the utmost vigilance should obviously be exercised over all immigration, directly or indirectly, from the European lands which it is now scourging. Frankly, it would be better to exclude two healthy immigrants than to admit one who is diseased. As for the plague, the most effective means of combating it is through extermination of rats. It is well, of course, to employ all possible precautions against the landing of rats from shipboard, as is now being done at New York and other ports, though no such precautions can be regarded as infallible. It would be far better to institute and to press remorselessly a nation-wide campaign for the extermination of one of the most pernicious and offensive of all created animals. Some kinds of snakes, owls, hawks, and even crows, render so important services to mankind that the wisdom of destroying them may well be challenged. But the rat is entirely evil. Some time ago the Government estimated the yearly cost of rats in the United States that is, the value of the food and other goods which they destroyed, at $200,000,000. That was probably an under- rather than an over-estimate, seeing that now the official estimate is made that in Porto Rico there are 2,500,000 rats, or two to each person, and that the creatures cost six dollars apiece yearly. If there are proportionately as many rats in the United States, and if they are as destructive and therefore as costly, it follows that our yearly rat bill is something like a billion and a quarter dollars. But even at the low figure of $200,000,000, it is obvious that even if it cost several million dollars to do it, it would be a thrifty and economical job to get rid of the vermin; to say nothing of the immense sanitary value of the achievement.

One of the few remaining historical figures of what we

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may call the old order of affairs passed away in the death of the former Empress Eugénie. With a single obvious exception she had the most brilliant and most influential career of all crown-wearing women of the nineteenth century. It was also one of the most tragic of careers, though in that respect it was surpassed by several others; notably by that of that hapless unintended victim of Eugénie's ambition who still lingers in a living death. Although bereft of crown, of husband and of son Eugénie had the consolation of years of peace and quiet, and of the regained respect and sympathy of the public from which she had once been a hunted fugitive.

Turkish obstinacy has had a fitting result, in the penalty of having the best parts of the remnant of the empire turned over to the Ottoman's traditional foe. There is, moreover, something more than poetic justice in Greek possession of Thrace and Asia Minor. Those territories could be awarded to no other Power whose possession of them would be so auspicious of good. To assign them to one of the Great Powers would be to arouse jealousies and enmities. There can be no such objection to Greek ownership; nor could any other Power, great or small, more readily improve those neglected estates and make them once more the rich regions that they were of old. The thrift, the energy, the enterprise, of the modern Greeks are unsurpassed among the nations of Europe and their application to the provinces which the Turk has misused will be full of high promise for them and for the world.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

AMERICAN WORLD POLICIES. By David Jayne Hill. New York: George H. Doran Company.

In the midst of a political campaign involving a question of basic principles, world-wide in its importance, what the conscientious and thoughtful citizen craves is not mere controversy, not mere neutral discussion of facts and comparison of points of view, but argument on a high level. What we should like to have just now, if possible, is something comparable to the Lincoln-Dougles debates. For it is through really high-minded argument that the fundamental issues are made plain. In a democracy, that man who clearly defines the issues of any great question and thereby enables the people to see how the question is related to their real aims, their deepest desires, their firmest convictions, performs the highest intellectual service.

One of Samuel Butler's profound remarks is to the effect that men are not really convinced by argument, but rather by the mere statement of views. There is at least this much truth in the dictum: that the determination of the real nature of a problem is half the battle, and commonly the more important half. It frequently happens that arguments, far from compelling assent in themselves, are chiefly valuable as explaining and illustrating the "theory of the case." In such an event, the conclusion may lie a long way off; so that an immediate decision, if required, can be made only on grounds of faith, or probability, or "moral certainty." On the other hand, the conclusion may lie very near, so near that no one can escape it, the *facts* speaking for themselves, once the issues are made plain.

To many readers, Dr. Hill's conclusion will seem to have been proved beyond the possibility of further argument. Others, no doubt, will find arguments to urge against it. But no one can righteously quarrel with the author's analysis of the question, or find fault with his discussion on the ground of inadequacy or unfairness. To say, then, that the book is clarifying, enlightening, high-minded, and therefore of a value far transcending that of most political discussions, is only to make a legitimate critical pronouncement.

The real issue, as Dr. Hill sees it, is simply this: "Is our support of what has been proposed in the Covenant of the League of Nations so important to the rest of the world that our most earnest aims as a people and our most sacred sense of national responsibility may be treated with indifference?" If the League is really the hope of the world, if without it the world must sink into anarchy, then, no doubt, it is our duty to accept the covenant, at whatever sacrifice to ourselves,

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even without the change of a comma. We could rightly merge our nationality into a super-government or Federation of the World, provided we surely knew that the result would be a vast gain in peace and justice. But we may not do this at the cost of those principles upon which peace and justice finally depend; for if we do, we shall not only waste our energies in an effort doomed to failure because it is compromised from the start, but we shall prove false to our peculiar mission as a nation, with consequent loss, serious beyond computation, to ourselves and to mankind at large.

The greatness of America, its unity, its virility, its potency, and its power to help others by act and by thought, are due to the fact that the nation is founded upon principles of law and upon the guarantees of individual rights under the law. "That is our great contribution to civilization." But this conception of law is just what we are now invited to surrender. For the League is by its very nature and constitution a league not of law, but of power, and already the smaller and weaker nations are wholly disillusioned as to its operations and results.

Exercising a gift of insight into large problems of human conduct that is considerably rarer and far more valuable than the mere ability to draw fine distinctions in controversy. Dr. Hill sums up the philosophy of the matter in a notable passage: "Whatever may be held regarding the authority of 'Natural Rights,' there are certain fundamental claims to just treatment and to strong protection, so clear, so urgent, and so indisputable in their outcry for recognition and security, that the undertone of their pleading runs through all the free expressions of the human mind since thought began to be recorded." Here surely is one of those sayings which more than half convinces by the mere statement—a really great generalization. And it is the key to the whole argument. America embodies this idea in its fundamental law, and the same principle must be the foundation of our foreign policy.

Foreign policy, at present, we have none, because of a deadlock brought about by disregard or misapplication of the principles of our government. What our policy should be is indicated by our history and our beliefs. America, if she is consistent with herself, must favor a further development of the conception of fundamental law in international affairs. "The central purpose of the United States . . . should be the continuance of an Entente of Free Nations aiming at peace through justice. In such an association," declares Dr. Hill, "the United States may well participate, and *the effect of the reservations which the Senate has proposed as a condition of accepting the Treaty of Versailles is, in reality, to transform a military alliance into such an entente.*"

The reservations should be clearly stated and formally adopted. Every other nation that has entered the League has obviously done so with mental exceptions. To declare our own reservations in clear, downright fashion would be the course most in accord with the American theory and practice of diplomacy. Moreover, in doing this we should neither reveal selfish motives nor make a shameful confession of cowardice: we should simply be defining our conception of right and justice as applied to nations.

Dr. Hill's book is not only an acute and well-informed analysis

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of what the League means and is, and of what the President and the Senate have intended and done, but also, and especially, a powerful lay sermon on the old truth that it is never right to do evil that good may come.

OUR ECONOMIC AND OTHER PROBLEMS. By Otto H. Kahn. New York: George H. Doran Company.

In general spirit and point-of-view, Mr. Kahn's book may be characterized as soundly optimistic. It is the expression of a mind neither "stand-pat" nor "radical." If we must have a label for Mr. Kahn, we may call him moderately progressive or moderately conservative, according to our individual notions of what description best fits a sound and sensible optimism.

In reality, Mr. Kahn's basic idea seems to be that the universe and society, while far from perfect, are, so to speak, right in principle, and hence that the way of progress is not to ignore laws of nature and of human nature, but to work with them. We do not, indeed, live in "the best of all possible worlds," or if we do, it is not easy to prove the fact; but we do live in a world that admits of both happiness and progress. A disposition to deny this truth (*pace* the many ambiguous definitions of "progress") is generally the mark of intellectual morbidity.

Mr. Kahn's philosophy is, no doubt, precisely what one would expect of a large-minded and successful man; and by the same token, it is a good philosophy. Of late years, there has grown a strong tendency to suppose that the ideas of the *unsuccessful* man are the more likely to be right; to lay undue stress upon the point-of-view of the "under dog." No doubt, a spirit of fairness underlies this illogical assumption, but it is none the less illogical. The mere fact that a person or a class has got the worst of it in the struggle for existence does not entitle the views of that person or that class to uncritical acceptance. On the contrary, without denying the value to the world of the idealist who is ahead of his time, and without underestimating the contribution of the philosopher who lives in a garret (despite his want of actual contact with life), one may reasonably hold that a really large-minded and honest man, who has succeeded on a great scale, is best fitted to "see life steadily and see it whole."

Human nature in America, as Mr. Kahn very acutely and realistically sees its manifestations in business, in government, and in art, is "not perfect, but perfecting." America is a good place to live in because when one really knows the conditions and the men, one sees that neither are fundamentally bad, and that both are improving without radical change. The law of competition is not an immoral law. On the contrary, competition is a necessary and wholesome law in human development. Civilization could not have been achieved and cannot at present advance without the effort of individual men to rise above their fellows. This effort may become more and more altruistic; already the severity of the struggle for existence is being mitigated; equality before the law, we have, and equality of opportunity is becoming more and more of a reality. But we cannot make progress by sudden leaps. To preach the doctrine that the present *stage* of evolution in business is necessary and permanent is merely to voice the cant of

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"capitalism" and "conservatism" or to prove one's inability to think beyond the ideas of the old "Manchester School" of economists. But to discard evolution itself is another matter. In all our progress we must keep to evolutionary lines as determined by general laws so far as we apprehend them.

Such in outline appears to be Mr. Kahn's philosophy. It was because he understood these fundamental ideas, and because, despite mistakes, he consistently applied them, that Theodore Roosevelt (upon whom the author has an appreciative chapter) was a great statesman. Roosevelt, with some exceptions, appealed straight to the sober reason and sound instincts of the American people. This book of Mr. Kahn's unpretentiously makes the same appeal.

The author's point-of-view applies most directly, of course, to business and government and their mutual relations. These are things, believes Mr. Kahn, that we must realistically grasp, before we begin to theorize about them. We must take them as we find them. Society, business, government, are vast systems of inter-relations that have come to be what they are through the operation of causes which we can now neither nullify nor ignore. They are well in their present estate, but they can be improved if only "we do not go too far or too fast." Our scheme of *government regulation* of the railroads, for example, is, conceivably, justifiable: neither unrestricted private control, nor government ownership or operation is necessary or good. It is only the application of this idea of regulation—an application glaringly faulty, for causes which the author points out with brilliant clearness—that gets us into intolerable difficulties. Much the same is true of our system of taxation. The *principle* that those who have most should pay most is sound and just. The application in our income taxes, notably, and in our inheritance taxes, is such as to defeat the principle. We have been going too far and too fast, with the result that we have ignored the very nature of business organization, and have produced effects the opposite of what was designed. A striking result of faulty taxation has been the discouragement of thrift.

Just as in political economy it would be a gross error to maintain that what has been must be, so in art and kindred subjects, it is folly to suppose that the American people must remain just what certain conditions have tended to make them in the past—materialistic and insensitive. Quite as absurd, of course, would be the supposition that they must hastily and at once develop a new and characteristic form of art. Results come not through radical new movements or schemes of uplift, but through evolution and through the co-operation of thought in evolution. As Mr. Kahn makes clear in that interesting part of his book which treats of art in relation to the life of the American people, the best that we can do, and all that we ought to do, is to provide opportunity for free development of taste and talent. And this is enough. There is no reason why the evolution of American art should not be as vigorous and rapid as the growth of American civilization in other respects has been. We are not an exclusively businesslike people. We possess possibilities of other kinds, not fully developed but developing. "I have known them" [American audiences], writes the author, "to make the judicious grieve by mistaking sentimentalism for feeling, rant-

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ing for passion, exaggeration for wit, tawdry tinsel for beauty. But while many things which seemed to me little better than rubbish have succeeded, I have never known the truly good to fail."

Thus, in more ways than one, America is a good place to live in.

Our war experience seems to have had the effect of stimulating men of large experience and practical wisdom to write and speak in a spirit of helpfulness and impartial truthfulness. The book under consideration is an uncommonly good example of what may be accomplished through the working of such a spirit. Upon Mr. Kahn's mastery of the special topics with which he deals, there is no need to enlarge.

PATRIOTISM AND POPULAR EDUCATION. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

One's principle feeling, as one begins to read Mr. Jones's vigorous exposition of the Law and the Prophets, is a hope that the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, President of the British Board of Education (to whom the book is addressed in the form of an open letter) has a sense of humor. Without a sense of humor, one could forgive the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher for being somewhat annoyed by Mr. Jones's prophetic discourse—for in this book, Mr. Jones appears quite frankly as a prophet in the best Hebrew sense of the word. No one can read the Old Testament attentively without being impressed with the fact that the prophets, right in principle as they always were, did not help the kings of Israel and Judah to solve intricate political problems, and that the kings were in consequence often annoyed by the embarrassing position in which they were placed before the public. Only a sense of humor, not often possessed by a Hebrew potentate, could have saved him from such annoyance. And so one hopes and prays that the Hon. H. A. L. Fisher has a sense of humor at least equal to that of Mr. Jones—which is asking a good deal. Indications that such is the case ought to be welcomed as a sign that the British educational problem is about to be solved as wisely and satisfactorily as is humanly possible.

The American reader, however, has rather little direct interest in the alleged eccentricities of the New British Education Bill—in the extent to which this bill is tainted with loose thinking and demagogic error. The question that interests us primarily as Americans is, How far do Mr. Jones's criticisms apply to *us?*

Unless one is misled by national egoism, there is not very much in Mr. Jones's analysis of British educational policy that bears directly and helpfully on American problems. Perhaps we do, as Mr. Jones says his countrymen are planning to do, try to educate *too much*—to teach too much to those who cannot learn or cannot really profit by what they learn. But we cannot be fairly accused of forcing Cicero upon the reluctant or unappreciative pupil—the sin of British educators which seems to Mr. Jones to exemplify all that is wrong in education. We have practically got rid of Greek in our high schools and in our smaller colleges, and we are getting rid of Latin with doubtless praiseworthy celerity. There has been of late a great post-haste and rummage in the land over this and kindred matters, and it has had notable results. In no long time it may be necessary for us to teach English grammar (that pedantic relic of medievalism) in college, if

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it is to be taught at all; and it may even be said that the teaching of spelling, so far as this subject is technical and barbarously abstract, is no longer being done with harmful thoroughness: for instance, most pupils have so little knowledge of the Latin roots that "*pre*haps" seems to them just as good as *perhaps*—as, according to a broad and enlightened theory, it undoubtedly is. And so Mr. Jones cannot accuse *us,* at any rate, of spoiling good carpenters by teaching them "*Quo usque tandem . . .*" and boring them generally with Cicero's political platitudes and oratorical fireworks. Whether we do or do not spoil potentially good thinkers by teaching them fine sewing and how not to study, is of course another question.

It is somewhat glaringly manifest that here in America we dilute education by the process which Mr. Jones describes as operative, or about to become operative, in Great Britain. When the present writer was a boy, he never could decide how far it paid to dilute lemonade in order to obtain a large quantity of that wholesome and refreshing beverage. You could dilute it to almost any extent, and you could still call it lemonade, and it would still taste somewhat like lemonade. The same holds true of education: you can dilute it a great deal without noticing any great immediate difference in the results—it still *tastes* like education, so to speak, and satisfies the average thirst for knowledge. But certainly, as the writer found out in his lemonade experiments, you can dilute things too much.

It is too bad that the principle of Hahnemann does not hold good in education. Then, the more you diluted the educational dose the greater would be the effect. That would be an ideal solution; but unfortunately it is not a true one: education does not work that way. And so we have to face the problem of undue dilution. At present we are educating a large number of boys and girls superficially and then giving them commensurately small compensation to educate a greater number of other boys and girls still more superficially. It is a profound and simple truth, too often neglected, that the effort to educate everybody is always liable to break down through lack of teachers.

But we cannot remedy this state of affairs so easily as a careless reader of Mr. Jones's discussion might be led to think. In a democracy we insist upon equality of opportunity as one of our first principles. No doubt, through our insistence upon this, we sacrifice efficiency in education as in other matters; yet we think we are wise. And in America we have found it true in a rough general way that if we teach anybody anything, we must be prepared to teach everybody everything.

That is about what we try to do; we do not try to grind every one through the same educational mill. And so the only way in which Mr. Jones's criticism justly applies to us is that, because of competition among our colleges, our Deans and Presidents do, every year, lead into their institutions rather too many reluctant or unprepared students with the rope of persuasion or propaganda about their necks.

But there is another aspect of the matter. Just what *is* "general education"? Mr. Jones defines it, in effect, as the teaching of what everybody ought to know in order to be good and happy, and of what each individual needs to know in order to do good work. This is sound

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enough, yet it takes us only a very little way towards the solution of our educational problems.

Upon Mr. Jones's working-out of this thesis may be passed the criticism noted in American popular legend that it is "all right so far as it goes, but it goes too far." When you come to inquire what enters into Mr. Jones's idea of popular education, you find that the principal ingredients seem to be good carpentry, and appreciation of Shakespeare, and the Ten Commandments.

Without querying whether a society that produced good carpentry, appreciated Shakespeare, and obeyed the Ten Commandments, would, if drilled systematically in just these things, be sufficiently progressive, one may inquire whether Mr. Jones's idea is, from a purely educational point-of-view, wholly practical.

There is no more hopeless proposition in education than the teaching of the Ten Commandments. In fact the proposal to teach them resolves itself into reasoning in a circle. How shall we educate people? By making them good. How shall we make them good? By educating them.

The Ten Commandments are brief abstracts of life; they are the last things that one gets really to understand. They must be taught not by the school alone (and only incidentally by the school), but by life itself, by the home, by the church, by the government, by the San Francisco earthquake, by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. If all these things cannot teach us, then we shall simply go to the bad, or to the devil, or what you please. Education as a special interest cannot save us.

Mr. Jones has an inkling of the fact that the church ought to have something to say about the question he is discussing; but his answer to this thought as an objection to his general point of view is merely satirical.

"It may again be urged," writes Mr. Jones, "that this is a matter for the parsons. But surely it is unfair to put this important educational work upon the shoulders of the parsons, overburdened as they already are with their gigantic task of reconciling their different systems of theology amongst themselves, and of making them credible to our intelligence. When they have accomplished this stupendous work, it will be time to ask for their help in rescuing the Commandments from disuse and neglect."

Mr. Jones's satire, here and elsewhere, is keen and enjoyable, for it is satire of the right sort, satire backed by a Biblical and Shakesperian earnestness of feeling. A true satirist ought to be as serious and as literal as Pope and as humorous as Mark Twain; and Mr. Jones occasionally approaches this unattainable ideal—witness his comments upon Mr. H. G. Wells's internationalism.

Upon the general question of patriotism *vs.* internationalism, Mr. Jones, be it said, writes like a real prophet. He adopts the Mazzinian conception: that each nation as a separate and very precious living being should work out its own destiny in harmony with and for the benefit of all other nations. With the sincerity of a deep and richly cultivated nature he protests against the weakening of national character in the interests of a loose and unreal internationalism, and defends the

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instinct of true patriotism with its full consequences, including universal military training.

Yet when all is said, though the author has expressed his whole nature and his best convictions throughout this book, his penetration and his intellectual contributions are best illustrated by a certain passage that he has written about the Bible:

"There are some people who do not read the Bible. These are, of all men, the most to be pitied. For that bundle of strange old Hebrew books, for all their grotesque, misleading theology, their frequent contradictions, their childish science, their doubtful history, their monstrous fables and miracles, their occasional passages of shocking immorality—for all these faults and errors, these strange Hebrew books do yet show the way of life, if we will but plant our feet discerningly upon their precepts. Their rules of conduct make the beaten highway of mankind."

Here is one of those minimal truths that men may live by, a truth carved out of old and intractable material, and now set forth with powerful eloquence, cleared of objections and perplexities. And throughout the book there are passages like this, deserving a praise that cannot be accorded to the whole as a statement of first principles or as a treatise upon education.

A Prisoner of Trotzky's. By Andrew Kalpaschnikoff. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

One's general notion that Russia is the home of real-life melodrama appears to be justified by most that one reads about that country. It is, in fact, somewhat difficult at times to realize that Mr. Kalpaschnikoff's narrative is not simply lurid fiction. But the manifest sincerity and truthfulness of the author rapidly dispel any such illusion; though the fascination of reading about events of medieval strangeness and of becoming acquainted with new types of humanity, alternately theatrical and coarsely or finely human, remains. Moreover, the book is not merely a narrative of personal experience, but a cross-section of Bolshevik Russia as well. Better than any amount of general reflection, the author's prison life taught him what the Russian people really are like, and what the Russian revolution means.

Mr. Kalpaschnikoff was, in 1917, in the service of the American Red Cross as the assistant of Colonel Andersen, chairman of the mission to Roumania. An attempt on his part to secure the transportation of motor cars and other supplies to a point designated by the Mission, led to a charge that he was intriguing with the Cossacks with a view to turning over to these enemies of the Bolsheviki the materials in his possession. On this trumped-up accusation he was imprisoned in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, a structure which, as a relic of medievalism, is interesting enough in itself to furnish an excuse for a book.

Mr. Kalpaschnikoff is not simply airing a grievance. At the same time that he is naturally desirous of justifying his own conduct, he is even more anxious to explain the truth about Russia. The whole policy of the Allies toward Russia, he believes, was fundamentally wrong. America did not give the moral aid which, if given in time,

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might have done much to prevent anarchy. A conversation the author had with an old Russian soldier is illuminating on this point. Mr. Kalpaschnikoff was curious to know why the other attached so much importance to the presence of American troops on the Russian front. Didn't he know that it was difficult and even impossible for America to bring over any quantity of troops on account of the great distance?

"It is not quantity we want," was the reply. "Russia has more men than are needed for such a war, but we want to have among us a few American soldiers in body and soul, fighting shoulder to shoulder with us so that we may be able to tell the millions who discuss and will not obey to look at them and see how these 'Free Citizens' respect discipline and order. They would soon be ashamed, and, as they are so eager to act like real citizens, it is nearly certain that a few hundred Americans would, by their example, bring back discipline and force thousands to fight." Mr. Kalpaschnikoff seems to forget that we *did* send American soldiers to Russia.

Anarchy, and the shameful peace, were due, believes Mr. Kalpaschnikoff, far more to non-comprehension on the part of the Allies than to treachery on the part of Russia. Anarchy was inevitable after the break up of the old régime, unless Russia were effectively helped and advised. By their failure to grasp the situation the Allies transformed what was merely anarchy, coupled with a desire to escape from disorder by the nearest way, into a formidable political movement.

The author's general conclusions are impressive, for they are supported at every point by a true and impressive narrative. Bolshevism is not primarily a political theory, but a catastrophic tendency, that has swept into its channel all manner of men, willing and unwilling—those who are attached to the theory and those who hate it; those who understand what they want and those who do not. Its strength is in anarchy. Let the anarchy of affairs subside and the anarchy of thought will cease. It is the confusion of life consequent upon the breakdown of Russia in the war that has to some extent produced in the minds of a great but untaught people a false conception of life. But the Russians are not wedded to error: no perversity of mind brought their misfortunes upon them.

"I sincerely believe," declares Mr. Kalpaschnikoff, "that there never was in Russia a soldier or sailor of the Red Guard belonging to the Russian Orthodox Church, who would not be reasonable if you talked to him and appealed to his common sense and proved to him that many of his beliefs were based upon false statements." This saying touches the very root of the Russian problem.

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